THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,

Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For JUNE, 1812.

VOL. VII.

The Forty-second Number.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, *needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.*

The interesting Anecdotes of Benda, the inventor of the Melodrama, *are received, and shall have a place in our next Number.*

We have handed Serena's *complaints to our coadjutor, the* Modern Spectator, *of whose gallantry we have too high an opinion, to suppose that he will not exert all his influence to prevent her from "pining in almost hopeless misery."*

W. Henry *is entitled to our thanks for his hints, as well as for the manner in which they are conveyed.*

On account of the great space occupied by the Remarks on the different Exhibitions in our present Number, we have been reluctantly obliged to defer the favours of many of our Correspondents, but hope very soon to bring up all these arrears.

As the present Number concludes the Volume, the Publisher begs leave to remind the Purchasers of the Repository, *that they may have their Numbers exchanged for the complete Volume, half-bound in Russia, on paying* 4s. 6d. *for the binding. He also begs to assure his Subscribers and the public in general, that he shall not relax his exertions to ensure a continuance of that very flattering patronage which this publication has hitherto received.*

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——The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNINUS.

(Continued from p. 261.)

MISS EVE. You say that Montegna was a shepherd, and that Raphael de Rhegio tended geese in his youth. They lived in the country, then, perhaps, somewhat like Giles, Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy. Do you not think these people lead a happy life, surrounded by health, love, peace, and content. Langhorne writes—

In this hospitable cell,
Love, and Truth, and Freedom dwell,
And, with aspect wild and free,
The graceful nymph, Simplicity.
Hail, ye liberal Graces, hail!
Natives all of Arden vale;
For with Peace and Virtue there
Lives the happy villager:
There the golden smiles of Morn
Brighter every field adorn;
There the sun's declining ray
Fairer paints the parting day;
There the wood-lark louder sings,
Zephyr moves on softer wings,
Groves in greener honours rise,
Purer azure spreads the skies;
There the fountains clearer flow,
Flowers in brighter beauty blow:
For with Peace and Virtue there
Lives the happy villager.

You may figure to yourself the happiness of the village youth, assembled in an evening to dance on the green, or to amuse themselves with other diversions, while each feels what their mutual glances express, the joy of love, of virtuous love, while the nightingale is singing among the trees, and the harvest moon is rising over the distant wood.

Miss *K*. But jealousy is too often mixed with love. Raphael de Rhe-

gio died of love; he had neither health, love, nor peace. This is not pleasant. Your description is selection in a high degree, and can apply only to such gentle couples as Paris and Œnone, or Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd and his Peggy. Such a girl as Concanen's Country Lass, when she begins to love, often tastes these joys and sorrows too.

In days of yore a lovely country maid
Rang'd o'er these lands, and through these forests stray'd;
Modest her pleasures, matchless was her frame,
Peerless her face, and Sally was her name.
By no frail vows her young desires were bound,
No shepherd yet the way to please her found:
Thoughtless of love, the beauteous nymph appear'd,
Nor hop'd its transports, nor its torments fear'd;
But careful fed her flocks, and grac'd the plain;
She lack'd no pleasure, and she felt no pain.

Miss *Eve.* Who is Concanen?

Miss *K.* I believe he is an old writer, a native of Ireland, and bred to the law, as I have somewhere read.

Miss *Eve.* We may draw, in fancy, a variety of pictures of the joys and torments of love.

Miss *K.* Yes: suppose, for instance, the lover long separated from the object of his passion; suppose him fired with joy, love, and pleasing expectation, when in crossing the village churchyard, and already in sight of the embowered cottage, he reads the adored name under, perhaps, an hour-glass, a death's head, or the figures of cherubim under a tomb-stone at the head of the wickered grave. How joyless then, how lost! Or fancy may represent the picture delineated by Aphra Behn:

The flow'ry meads, the rivers and the groves
Were fill'd with little gay-wing'd Loves,
That ever danc'd, and smil'd, and play'd,
And now the woods and now the streams invade;
And where they came all things were gay and glad.
When in the myrtle groves the lovers sat,
Opprest with a too fervent heat,
A thousand Cupids fann'd their wings aloft,
And through the boughs the yielded air would waft,
Whose parting leaves discover'd all below;
And ev'ry god his own soft pow'r admir'd,
And smil'd, and fann'd, and sometimes bent his bow
Where'er he saw a shepherd uninspir'd.
The nymphs were free, no nice, no coy disdain
Deny'd their joys, or gave the lovers pain;
The yielding maid but kind resistance makes:
Trembling and blushing are not marks of shame,
But the effect of kindling flame,
Which from the sighing, burning swain she takes;
While she, with tears all soft and downcast eyes,
Permits the charming conqueror to win the prize.

Here is the character of a Fair and Happy Milk-maid, written by Sir Thomas Overbury about the beginning of the 17th century.

" A fair and happy milk-maid is a country wench that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all face physic out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue; therefore, minds it not: all her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outsides of tissues; for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silk-worm, she is decked in innocence, far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long in bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions: nature hath taught her too immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises, therefore, with chanticleer, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfe In milking the cow, and strainin

the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk whiter or sweeter; for never came almond-glove or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new-made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, seeing her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at the next fair, and in chusing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and bee-hive are all her physic and surgery; she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none: yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste that she dare tell them; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition, that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is, she may die in spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet."

Miss *Eve*. Do you know any particulars of Sir Thomas Overbury?

Miss *K*. He was poisoned while in confinement in the Tower, at the instigation of Robert Carr, Duke of Somerset, and Frances, Countess of Essex, who were sentenced to die for the crime, but pardoned by King James I. The immediate instruments of the destruction of the unfortunate prisoner, a Mrs. Turner, and two men, named Weston and Franklin, expiated their guilt at Tyburn. Mrs. Turner was the inventor of that horrid garb of yellow ruffs and cuffs, in which dress she was hanged. Sir Gervaise Elwes, lieutenant of the Tower, who had connived at the perpetration of the crime, was also executed.

Miss *Eve*. When was this?

Miss *K*. I think about 1616.

Miss *Eve*. About the time of the death of Shakspeare. He could have made an interesting play with this circumstance.

Miss *K*. Richard Savage took the history of Sir Thomas Overbury for the subject of a play, acted about thirty years ago, with a prologue by R. B. Sheridan, Esq. in which I think were these lines:

> The orphan offspring of an orphan bard,
> Doom'd, while he liv'd, unpitied to sustain
> More real miseries than his pen could feign.

Miss *Eve*. Though Mrs. Turner's fate was so horrid, yet her figure, in yellow ruffs and cuffs, conveys a ludicrous idea to the mind, somewhat like one of Hogarth's figures.

Miss *K*. Here are some lines on Hogarth, extracted from Hayley's Epistle to Romney:

> Nor if her favour'd hand may hope to shed
> The flowers of glory o'er the skilful dead,
> Thy talents, Hogarth, will she leave unsung,
> Charm of all eyes and theme of ev'ry tongue:

A separate province 'twas thy praise to rule,
Self-form'd thy pencil, yet thy works a school,
Where strongly painted in gradations nice,
The pomp of folly and the shame of vice
Reach'd through the laughing eye the mended mind,
And moral humour sportive art refin'd;
While fleeting manners, as minutely shewn
As the clear prospect on the mirror thrown,
And drest in all the dyes of comic wit;
While these in Fielding's page delight supply,
So long thy pencil with his pen shall vie.
Science, with grief, beheld thy drooping age
Fall the sad victim of a poet's rage.
But wit's vindictive spleen that mocks controul,
Nature's high tax on luxury of soul,
This, both in bards and painters, Fame forgives—
Their frailty's buried, but their genius lives.

Miss *Eve.* Do you know the names of the other principal humorous designers?

Miss *K.* Here is a list of some of them:—D. Allan, L. P. Boitard, T. Bonner, Boyne, W. H. Bunbury, C. Catton, jun. J. Collet, S. Collings, Cruikshanks, M. Darly, Dent, R. Deighton, Dunthorne, J. Gillray, S. H. Grimm, Capt. F. Grose, W. Hogarth, J. Hoppner, J. Ibbetson, Lagniere, O'Keefe, C. Mosley, J. Newton, Nixon, J. Northcote, Thomas Ord Duke of Bolton, E. Penny, Pugh, Roberts, Thomas Rowlandson, R. Smirk, T. Stothard, J. Taylor, C. White, D. Wilkie, and last, though not least, Woodward.

Miss *Eve.* If a gold medal, a silver medal gilt, a silver medal, and a copper medal, were given to the four best of these, supposing them all alive, and Michael Angelo, Raphael, Julio Romano, Polydore, the Caraccis, Poussin, Le Sueur, Le Brun, Moliere, Sir John Suckling, Swift, Sterne, Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, Cervantes, &c. could be revived to form a grand committee, how do you think these prizes would be adjudged?

Miss *K.* We will suppose Michael Angelo president.

Miss *Eve.* Some writers have asserted, that the works of Buonarotti, though so sublime, are often caricatures.

Miss *K.* Yes; and Reynolds observes, that though he is the most sublime designer among the moderns, yet some of his figures are so very extravagant, that we hardly know whether to admire or to laugh at them.—But to return to this decision.

I think Michael Angelo Buonarotti, when he opened his book before this illustrious assemblage, the candidates, the nobility, and the mobility all revived, would express himself somewhat in this way:

"Gentlemen, the prizes are thus decided:

"The gold medal to William Hogarth;

"The silver medal gilt to William Henry Bunbury;

"The silver medal to Dunthorne;

"The copper medal gilt to Jas. Gillray.

"Mr. Gillray, you endeavour to imitate my convex manner of drawing—copy from nature."

Miss *Eve.* Who is Dunthorne, that has obtained the third prize?

Miss *K.* A very young man, who produced several highly meritorious drawings in this way, and then, as I am informed, died and is almost unknown.

Miss *Eve.* Have you any of these designs?

Miss *K.* Here are two of them: *Ague and Fever*, and *the Hypochondriac.*—Here is some poetry

written by William Hogarth, the only attempt of the kind he ever made. It was addressed to a friend, on occasion of Sir Richard, afterwards Lord Grosvenor, returning the picture of Sigismunda.

To your charge the other day
About my picture and my pay,
In metre, I've a mind to try
One word by way of a reply.
To risk, you'll own was most absurd,
Such labour on a rich man's word,
To lose at least a hundred days
Of certain gain for doubtful praise,
Since living artists ne'er were paid;
But then you know it was agreed,
I should be deemed an artist dead.
Like Raphael, Rubens, Guido Rene,
This promise fairly drew me in,
And having laid my pencil by,
What painter was more dead than I?
But dead as Guido let me be,
Then judge, my friend, 'twixt him and me:
If merit crowns alike the piece,
What treason to be like in price?
Because no copied line you trace,
The picture can't be right you're sure;
But say, my critic connoisseur,
Moves it the heart as much or more
Than picture ever did before?
This is the painter's truest test,
And this Sir Richard's self confest;
Nay, 'tis so moving, that the knight
Can't even bear it in his sight:
Then who would tears so dearly buy
To give four hundred pounds to cry?
I own he chose the prudent part,
Rather to break his word than heart;
And yet methinks 'tis ticklish dealing
With one so delicate in feeling.
However, let the picture rust,
Perhaps Time's price-enhancing dust,
As statues moulder into earth,
When I'm no more may mark its worth;
And future connoisseurs may rise,
Honest as ours and full as wise,
To puff the piece and painter too,
And make me then what Guido's now.

LETTERS FROM ITALY.

LETTER XVII.—(*Concluded from p. 268*).

But to return to my company, now capering away in two of my apartments, I blush to confess that my resolution to keep my toes in a state of sober quiescence was shaken at last. I could have withstood the pressing solicitations of half-a-dozen of these exhilarated damsels, but for the irresistible temptation of their animated example and of the excellent music. Fancy, for once, dear T. the loving smiles, the glistening eyes, the seducing attitudes of these pretty bacchantes, and then ask your conscience how long any Christian, were he even a Quaker or Moravian, could have stood proof against such attraction? The worst of the thing was, that having once broken my vow by dancing with Miss Carlina, a kind of rivalship ensued among the other ladies, most of whom now laid a successive claim to be led down a country dance by "*il Signor Colonello*."—With the assistance of my grave Mentor, Don Michele, I satisfied them all! for he peremptorily declared, that he would not suffer any excess of fatigue which might lay me up afterwards; and therefore suggested, in order to please all parties, that I might be allowed to change my partner during any one dance, whenever I thought proper. This wise proposal of my friend's being agreed to, I contrived to dispatch two or three fair candidates in a matter of a quarter of an hour, allotting to each a space of time proportional to the estimation I formed of her claims to my favour.

In the course of these pedestrian

evolutions, I thought I observed in several of my fair partners, cheerful as they had been before, an unusual and extraordinary access of spirits and gaiety, such as, with every allowance for the southern latitude, and the ice-punch, now administered to them the more frugally by reason of the unlooked for increase in my numbers, I was at a loss to account for, till I saw my man Benedetto whisper something into Don Michele's ear, which the latter forthwith telegraphed into mine.

But before I let you into this secret, it is proper that, like a skilful general, I should, in my report of the action, give a correct description of the locality of the field of battle. The kitchen belonging to my apartments is on the same floor with them, and in this particular, the Neapolitan system of domestic architecture is not different from what you may have observed in a set of chambers, or in many old-fashioned mansions in England. But in another point of view, the former has that rare advantage of skilful contrivance over our mode of building, that in general a proximity of the ultimate depôt of the aliments to the place of their preparation, is considered as an essential recommendation in the construction of a Neapolitan kitchen—debtor and creditor being often in as close a contiguity as on the pages of a merchant's ledger. This order of things being scrupulously adhered to in the architecture of my quarters, it follows that the access to my kitchen could not conveniently be interdicted to my guests, or else I make no doubt my major-domo would have taken care to lock it, although, in a bachelor's culinary apparatus, you may suppose there is not much to be laid hold of. Poor Don Michele, however, could not be aware of every thing. Right opposite to the perforated tripod of the debtor side of this kitchen of mine there is an elevated shelf, on which stand (I had better say *stood*) my three wine-bottles, of immense calibre; the first (having been emptied since my stay in the Infrescata) then, and now, containing from eight to ten gallons of excellent atmospheric air (such as you breathe at this altitude); the second of similar dimensions, about half full of delicious old Pozzuoli wine; and the third, not less in size, brimful of the like grape-juice, with its fluid oil-bung floating at top. These unfortunate bottles being at an elevation of about 40 deg. visual angle from the horizon of the tripod, ought, in the nature of things, to have escaped the prying, yet *pro tempore* downcast looks of my fair visitors; altho', it is true they had not to look up quite as high as mother Eve did after that unfortunate pippin, codling, or *pomme d'amour*, the digestion of which is so rigidly entailed upon us poor mortals, that I even feel warranted in ascribing to that primary *faux-pas* the illicit longings of my Neapolitan fair guests after my frugal stock of Pozzuoli wine. No sooner did one of the damsels espy the forbidden shelf, than, inasmuch as on such occasions in particular, the sex is, all over the world, gregarious, the assault thereon was a settled matter: *veni, vidi, bibi*, was the word, and my delicious Pozzuoli wine fell an easy prey to their sacrilegious hands and palate. *Implentur veteris*

Bacchi, or, in plain English, mesdames tippled till they had their fill; and what they left was very nearly finished by four or five half-starved footmen, and other hall-rabble, in attendance on their worthy masters; for, when Don Michele went into the kitchen, he found but a small remnant in one of the bottles, which he secured in his own room.

Inspired with the juice, and further exalted by the agitation of dancing, most of my fair guests became still more exhilarated, some grew ecstatically merry, and a few scarcely manageable. Surrounded by these voluptuous "bacchæ," I feared the fate of Orpheus. Their frolics, however, I must say to their credit, were chiefly levelled at Don Michele, probably because he had spoiled the continuation of their sport. This poor man had now to suffer all sorts of mischief for refusing to join in their revels, till at last, for the sake of peace, he consented to dance *one* minuet and no more. All was hush in an instant, when he placed himself with his fortunate partner in the middle of the room, as stiff as buckram, and as serious as if he were occupied with the solution of an algebraic problem. But no sooner had he performed the first step or two, than, in turning his body with grave elegance on the pivot of his toe, a pair of white silk garters (long and faithful servants to all appearance) were seen gracefully dangling down his back, and describing, at every turn of his automaton body, a variety of flowing irregular curves in the circumambient air. The merriment which this unusual sight occasioned, was in vain attempted to be stifled in a muttered titter, it soon burst out with increased violence, his wife not excepted, who heartily joined the general laugh, but informed her better half of the cause of the satisfaction he gave to the company. For a wonder, Master Michel took the joke in good part, and availing himself of the appendage to his back, seized the ribbons with each hand at the end, and continued his performance, with the addition of a variety of figures he devised with his bandeaux, in the manner of the shawl dance. This trait of his good sense had the desired effect of warding off the previous ridicule he had been under. But when he had gone through his pedestrian diagrams of parallels and diagonals, and conducted with much formality his partner to her seat, he solemnly declared, that he would not part with his prize unless he could restore it precisely from whence it had come. What might have been the result of this denunciation, it is impossible to guess at; for, no sooner had his wife heard it, than she asked to see the garters, in order to ascertain the owner; but when she had them, she put them in her pocket, saying, that she had wanted a pair this long while, and these would do quite as well as new ones, being, at all events, better than her own.

When I had learned the extent of the spoliation committed upon my bin, I did not so much regret the actual loss I thereby sustained, as apprehend some unpleasant scenes of interruption to our festivity and mirth, from the excessive indulgence in the forbidden juice. However, whether it was owing to the excel-

lence of the vintage, or to the strength of constitution of the fair partakers, only one casualty occurred; and as we had fortunately our Caledonian Æsculapius at hand, he was forthwith sent down stairs to administer professional relief, which in this instance consisted of the simple recipe of a dish of tea, and was attended with the desired beneficial effect, so as to enable the patient to return home without any assistance other than the arm of her brother.

The dawn of morn was the signal for the gradual separation of the company; from all of whom, whether of the establishment or extra guests, I had received, in the course of the evening, the most pressing requests to make their house my own: and, to their credit, I must say, that, as far as I have yet had time or inclination to try the sincerity of these invitations, I have had no cause to regret my compliance. When all were gone, poor Don Michele had to sustain a severe rebuke from his wife, for his carelessness in not securing my wine-bottles: "But so it is," said the notable good lady, "he will know every thing better than other people; had he done as I wished, and left us to mind these and other matters, Signor Don Luigi would not have had his wine drunk, and some of these would-be ladies would have gone home sober, instead of making .... of themselves." To this accusation the husband made a retort courteous, by accusing the female part of the family for not accompanying the fair guests into the kitchen, and minding the things there: and thus, in spite of my representation of the insignificancy of the object, a neat and lively argument was maintained between both parties for some time, and only put an end to by the entrance of the confectioner with the report, that, on counting the leaden ice-moulds he had brought, five were missing, as also eight *pewter* tea-spoons, which he hoped I would allow to be charged, as Don Michele had already made so hard a bargain with him, that if he were to stand the loss of these (valuable) articles, he must be out of pocket by me. My friend was now going to put himself into another passion, protesting that there were none but *gente di garbo* in the evening's party, people that would disdain purloining such trifles; and that not a tornesi* should be made good for the man's own negligence. But when I learned that the object in dispute amounted to the enormous sum of three or four shillings, I pacified the dealer in snow by admitting it as a debit to my account of profit and loss.

After this little anecdote of the ice-moulds, you will scarcely suppose, my dear T. that any of the good things, such as cakes, sweetmeats, &c. were suffered to remain on the sideboard at the departure of my guests. Whether this practice, not to "leave a wreck behind," is as general here as I have observed it to be at Malta, I am unable to decide. At the latter place, let the provision be ever so abundant, what the stomach cannot compass, the pockets are sure to hold; and in stuffing those, no great nicety is observed: so the article is portable at all, it finds its way into one or

* Small Neapolitan copper coin.

the other of the pedestrian saddle-bags, as by instinct. I have been assured by one of our officers, that, at a great fête which General Fox recently gave at Malta, one of the inhabitants (of sufficient rank to be of the party) very dexterously, and, as he fancied, unobserved, slipped a small pullet into one of his side receptacles. Unfortunately, an officer near him seeing the slight-of-hand transaction, poured a dose of parsley and butter after it, saying very coolly, "Allow me, sir, to help you to a little sauce at the same time."

But to return from Malta to the Infrescata, in order to bring this long epistle to a decorous conclusion, I have only to add, that the good-humour of Don Michele was completely restored by the well-deserved compliment I paid him on the efficiency and snugness of his arrangements, and by the satisfaction I expressed at his conduct of the evening's entertainment. The family insisted on instantly putting up my bed again in its old place, to afford me some rest; an offer which I declined, as it was not only broad daylight, but a heavenly morning, such as my indolence had not yet allowed me to enjoy since my stay in Naples, held out an irresistible invitation to breathe the pure morning air of the lofty and salubrious region I inhabit. I therefore saddled my horse myself, and sallied forth across the Uomero down into the Pianura, a favourite ride of mine. What a contrast burst upon my feelings! An hour ago plunged into the midst of bacchanalian revels, I now quaffed rich draughs of the purest vital air; fluttering gusts of gentle morning breezes waved the clustering foliage of the classic pine, just bronzed by the glowing tints of the rising sun; thousands of feathered songsters hailed the new-born day with their wild notes, in answer, as it were, to the distant matin-bells of the Neapolitan convents; thin and partial mists arose from the luxuriant fields of the Pianura, leaving every herb and blade bespangled with glistening drops of dew. All this was new to me, and, after what had passed, I felt proud to possess a heart still susceptible of the emotions of innocent delight, which nature alone is capable of inspiring us with. Refreshed in body and mind, I returned to my quarters to breakfast; and, after a hearty meal, took up the pen, in order to note down for this report the principal features of the evening's transactions. By thus retracing to you my Neapolitan adventures, I enjoy in a manner over again the gratification which they afforded me at the time of their occurrence; while, at the same time, I anticipate the pleasure I am convinced you derive from their recital; not on account of their intrinsic interest, but because they relate exclusively to an individual united to you by the sacred ties of the most indissoluble friendship.

Your's,

* * * *

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XV.

Love in itself is very good,
But is by no means solid food;
And ere our honey-moon was o'er,
I found we wanted something more.
This was the cause of all my trouble,
My income would not carry double:
But, led away from Reason's plan
By Love, that torturer of man,
In our delirium we forgot
What is life's unremitted lot—
That man, and woman too, are born
Beneath each rose to find a thorn.
We thought, as other fools have done,
That Hymen's laws had made us one;
But had forgot that Nature, true
To her own purpose, made us two.

The Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque.

Mr. Spectator,

As you appear to be a man of superior understanding in the ways of this wicked world, and must have great experience in its various humours, as well as no common familiarity with the tricks and fancies of its inhabitants, I feel an irresistible inclination to consult you on a subject of the utmost importance to me, as it is to all those who engage in it. Your sagacity will, I doubt not, instantly foresee that I am either a married man, or on the point of assuming that character. The fact is, that I am a widower: in short, I have had two wives, and I wish to consult you as to the propriety, or prudence, or discretion, call it which you please, of entering a third time into that blessed state, as some, I hope, have found it, but in which I neither found blessing, nor even common comfort: it produced but one solitary virtue, which, however estimable or necessary, does not imply, when called into continual practice, the enjoyment of any considerable portion of felicity.

But that I may not call your's into exercise, I shall proceed to inform you of my past situations, as well as my present difficulty, in order that you may be qualified to give me that counsel which I am determined to follow. My own opinions have so often and so cruelly betrayed me, that I will never trust them again in any matter of a grave or serious nature.

I may, without vanity, call myself a gentleman: both my education and my fortune justify the adoption of such a denomination, and my sentiments, as well as general conduct, do not, I trust, belie it. That my manners are amiable, is the general opinion of my acquaintance; and it is to that kind of goodness of heart which the French term *bonhomie*, that I am indebted for my past dissatisfactions, and my present perplexity.

In consequence of being an early orphan, I was, in a great measure, brought up by a maiden aunt, who, with a great many good qualities, had a portion of self-conceit, which rendered her unpleasant to those who were under her controul. She had a handsome sum of money to furnish out the items of a will, and, of course, she was not unattended

by a train of flatterers, who fed her foibles.

Among other opinions to which she adhered with an unvarying obstinacy, she thought the happiness of life depended upon early marriage: as she never ventured to argue upon the principle, or illustrate it, by example, I know not upon what ground she reasoned in support of this maxim, when in the silence and solitude of her own cogitations; or whether she was so strongly impressed with the uncomfortableness of the old-maidish condition, that, as she was eminent for her humanity, she wished to prevent others from languishing in a state of worse than widowhood; or that, as she had not herself fulfilled the first of human duties, by increasing and multiplying, she wished to encourage and facilitate that obligation in others. Accordingly, at the age of twenty-one, I was married to a very pretty girl of seventeen, who had been the spoiled child of her parents, and who left her home, for the first time, to be the mistress of a family, and the domestic companion of a young man like myself, who knew no more of the world than a very private education, the select society of my maiden aunt, and my father's old butler, who continued in my service, had communicated to me.

For some time things went on pleasant enough; the novelty of the scene, the succession of visitors, the complimentary entertainments, and the vanity of making a figure, kept the bride in a state of good-humour, which I understood for affection, and deceived my inexperience into a belief, that matrimony was the most delightful thing in the world. But the fact was, that a great over-grown boy had married a boarding-school miss, and the moment we were left to the care of ourselves, that is, when my father and mother-in-law, who had passed the honey-moon with us, had returned home, and my maiden aunt, who was one of the party, had left us, the delightful vision vanished. My wife knew not what to do with herself—I was much in the same situation, and as she was always wanting something that could not be immediately had, and never satisfied with it when it was obtained, scarce a day passed without an exhibition of pouting and calm ill-humour, which would have been punished in the nursery by being sent supperless to bed. But these inactive symptoms of displeasure soon changed into more decided manifestations of discontent. At the first dinner we gave to a respectable party of our country neighbours, madam played the child at the dessert, by devouring such quantities of sweet things, that I could not help hinting to her the consequence of overloading her stomach with such cloggy materials; when she replied, that her papa and mamma always let her eat what she liked; and that if I grudged her what pleased her palate, she would acquaint them of my ill usage. Piqued at her threat, I declared with some warmth, that I would, at the same time, acquaint my aunt of her ill behaviour. On this reply, she said my aunt was a prim, formal old hunx, and accompanied the invective with the discharge of a peach at my head. I instantly returned the salute with a green-gage, when she continued pelting me with almonds and raisins, till her magazine

was quite exhausted. The female part of the company now left the room with looks of extreme indignation against me, and the gentlemen, who sided with me, proposed a mode of revenge to which I was not accustomed, and that was, by getting drunk; and I was, for the first time in my life, taken in a complete state of inebriation to my bed. We sulked for near a week, and then kissed and were tolerable good friends for about the same space; and thus our lives past in a succession of petty, whimsical, and teasing disputes, which were equal antidotes to wearisome langour and rational pleasure. Her papa and mamma encouraged her in maintaining what they called her privileges; while my worthy old aunt had no other mode of counselling me but by observing, that we should both grow wiser in time.

That season of wisdom, however, was not destined to arrive; for my poor little headstrong mate, in spite of, or perhaps in a purposed opposition to my persuasions, thought it pleasant to walk out in dress shoes after a day's rain, when she caught a violent cold, which was followed by a delirious fever, that terminated her capricious life.

Though I was sensibly affected at this unforeseen event, I did not sink into despair. I now enjoyed a state of the utmost tranquillity; but I found myself unhappy from having nothing to do; and often did I wish to be relieved from the state of *ennui* in which I found myself, by the return of that active, lively, and fanciful termagant, from whom I was for ever separated.

In this state of discontent I had recourse to my aunt, who, after acknowledging her error in promoting my late marriage, recommended me to unite myself to a person of experience in the manners of the world, and she soon found out a widow for me, who possessed it in a consummate degree.

This lady was about four years older than myself; charming in her person, elegant in her manners, replete with fashionable accomplishments, and had moved in the circles of tonish life. But she had been left by an extravagant husband with an inadequate support, and therefore was more than satisfied when she received the proposals of a man of my fortune, and whom her sagacity discovered to be just such a character as suited her views and wishes. In short, we were married; and an entire change immediately took place in all the concerns and circumstances of my life. She treated me with every exterior mark of affection and respect; but she contrived to acquire at once such a predominance over my spirits, that I soon felt myself nothing better than a mere automaton, whose springs were moved solely by her power and at her pleasure. This superiority was, however, so artfully managed that no one appeared to discover it but myself; and all who knew us considered me as a most fortunate man, in having obtained the hand and heart of a lady who was a pattern for all wives, and an example of domestic virtue. She made my house delightful to every visitor, all my family arrangements were conducted by an happy union of economy and elegance, every thing was done to all appearance by my order and direction, and while I appeared to govern every thing;

I had an actual controul over nothing.

The mortification I suffered from this reflection was so poignant, that I unfolded my discontent to an honest, blunt, friendly neighbour, who advised me to fortify myself with a bottle extraordinary after dinner, to assume my authority, and to maintain it. In short, I sat drinking after she had left me, till I found myself primed for my task, and, having sent for her into my dressing-room, I bolted the door, made my complaints, and insisted upon immediate reformation. I expected a very sturdy reproof and a decided opposition; but, on the contrary, she apologized, in the most engaging manner, for any appearance of governing me or my affairs, which she might inadvertently have assumed, and that she would immediately retire from every domestic concern, which she had undertaken merely to save me the trouble of such inferior duties, and to leave my mind untroubled by such subordinate pursuits. She then, with a most engaging smile, asked me to go and hear her play some new music, which she had just received from town. The evening passed away without an unpleasant look or expression. She only expressed an hope that I would indulge her with an enlargement of the hot-house, for as she should now have time to pursue her botanical amusements, she wished to extend the scale of them. I was so delighted that I gave her *carte blanche* for improvements in her flower-garden; and the next morning, when I rose to assume my legitimate authority, I found that she had risen before me; and the effects of her early rising appeared in my library, where I perceived all the household account-books, files of receipts, and, in short, the whole paraphernalia of domestic management. This addition to my library rather alarmed me; but my dignity was to be supported, and I entered upon the exercise of my rights with a becoming confidence. It happened, however, that it was the very day when it was usual to discharge weekly bills and to give weekly orders: the consequence, therefore, was, that I became overwhelmed with business for which I was not prepared; and so awkwardly did I conduct my myself, that I plainly perceived a jeer in the countenances of several of the people whose business or duty called them before me. Nor was this all:—while I was thus perplexing myself to gratify my pride, madam had ordered her park-chaise to take her to the neighbouring town, where she had given her orders for the respective workmen to set about the proposed enlargement of her hot-houses. We met at dinner, she in high spirits, and I fatigued, oppressed, and mortified; while she contrived to conduct herself in such a manner, that though I had taken the whole power into my own hands, she seemed to be as much my superior as when she herself possessed it. Thus I continued floundering on in the full dominion of my own affairs, till I had brought them into such a state of confusion, that I was obliged to submit to the mortifying necessity of requesting my triumphant consort to take them back to her management. To this proposal she consented, as a proof of her ready obedience to my wishes, and my fetters were now completely

rivetted while both of us lived. Thus all I gained by my jealousy of petticoat government was, to throw all my affairs into confusion; to be laughed at by my tenants, tradesmen, and servants; to incur an expence of between four or five hundred pounds for additions to hot-houses, and to establish my subserviency to female power beyond recal. How often have I wished for my little mad-cap, who was gone, who only cried for indulgence, and whose only complaint was, the occasional refusal on my part in relaxing my power to grant it. At length, however, the same power which released me from the one, delivered me from the other! In attending to the festivities of an harvest-home, on a very sultry day, she so overheated herself, that a fever ensued; but she preferred her own opinion to that of her physician, and fell a sacrifice to the love of taking the lead in every thing. I concluded my practice of following her opinions, by following her to the grave.

I once more found myself alone, without a being to controul me; and, as if I were born to submission, I was as discontented with my present independence as I had been with my former freedom; so that I once more applied to my aunt for her advice respecting my future conduct; but she coolly told me, that I was now of an age, and possessed of sufficient experience, to judge for myself. I have, however, that diffidence in my own opinion, that it is impossible for me to determine in a matter of so much importance; and, therefore, I have resolved to apply to you, as a person highly qualified to instruct me, and who can have no motive but to instruct me well. Mr. Spectator, you have the history of my past life, and I rely upon your goodness to give me your recommendation how to make the best of what may remain of it.

Your faithful servant,

TIMOTHY TRY-ALL.

My answer to this gentleman will be given in a very few lines. A wife, it appears, he must have. I shall, therefore, inform him, as a rule for his future choice, that a marriage of *love* is *pleasant*; of *interest*, is *easy*; and that a marriage *where both meet*, is *happy*.

NOTICES OF THE WORKS OF THE EIGHTH EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, SPRING-GARDENS.

(*Concluded from p.* 310.)

287. *Torbay.*—J. Glover.

So illusive is this representation of the extensive view along the British Channel, that we were almost led to fancy the water in actual motion, and that we heard the surf bursting upon the lengthened shore. The light is gaily playing along the lengthened cliffs, receding with the justest aërial perspective, until, in the extreme distance, it melts into air. The whole scene is faithfully pourtrayed, and brings before our minds, in pleasing retrospect, the feelings that occurred when sailing up Channel, in view of the beautiful western boundary of our native isle.

19. *Early Morning*.—The same.

The sweetness of the morning atmosphere is diffused, in all the purity of its dazzling light, over this pleasing scene. The serenity of the water, reflecting an almost cloudless sky, conveys the sentiment the artist intended to produce by these precursors of a fine day. The trees are elegantly touched; the animals are tastefully introduced; and the incident of the boy tempting the dog to the water, is so naturally wrought, that one expects to see the bosom of the liquid element instantly disturbed, and

"To the banks, in ruffled tides,
"Verging in successive rings."

74. *Neath Valley*.—The same.

This extensive scene of "hill and valley, dale and mountain," abounds in rich masses of light and shade. The effect upon the landscape is in just conformity to the sky, which displays variety of clouds: the long gleams of light in the fertile vale, are finely opposed to the surrounding gloom; and the majestic cloud, rising over the mountain, threatens a deluge of rain to the adjacent country. The trees are touched with a vivid pencil, and the snowy fleeces of the sheep upon the fore-ground bank, add much to the animated effect of this enchanting scene.

146. *A Waterfall at Ambleside*.—The same.

Few subjects are attended with greater difficulty of faithful imitation, than the great waterfalls that are met with in exploring the romantic mountain scenery of the neighbouring counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland; the overhanging rocks that surround these forces, or falls, being clothed with trees of slender growth, which there take root, and spread their wild branches amidst the cooling spray, in a thousand playful forms, most difficult to delineate without a confusion of effect. Mr. Glover's light and delicate pencil is peculiarly adapted to these scenes; and the birch, the ash, and wild cherry are here intermingled with the very air of nature; the rocks are coloured with great truth, and the water is falling over the precipice with impetuous force.

303. *Flowers*.—Miss Byrne.

The delight arising from the contemplation of the beautiful works of nature, acquires a new charm when seen through the medium of art, whether it be of poetry or painting: and we know not when we have felt a more agreeable sensation, than on viewing the elegant selection of cultivated flowers in this beautiful bouquet. The justness with which each flower and leaf is copied, forms but a small portion of the praise due to the fair artist's skill; it is in the judicious grouping of the flowers, the harmonious arrangement of their colours, and the general effect of the picture, that we discover her feeling for the art.

340. The same.

This tempting fac-simile of nature is one of the most chaste and beautiful productions of the pencil. The bloom upon the plums is executed with the softness of the most elaborate painting in oil colours, and the decayed leaf of golden hue is finely contrasted with the rich blue colour of the fruit. *The Gooseberries* (No. 217), intended as a companion to the *Orleans Plum*, are imitated with equal felicity.

81. *An extensive View over the Country near Agrigentum, in Sicily, in which are seen Remains of the ancient Temples of Concord, of Juno, and of Hercules—Morning.*—J. Smith.

In the contemplation of this classic scene we are led to congratulate the artist on the felicity which continues to attend his studies. Mr. Smith is one of the British artists whose early labours were directed to experiments upon the capacities of water-colours, and the result of his discoveries has materially contributed to the advancement of this department of painting, which now emulates the beauty and force of painting in oil. Although thus high in art, he has lived to witness the extraordinary talents of a new generation, whose paintings in water-colours have raised a monument of honour to the British nation. Happily the mental powers of this veteran, like those of the illustrious painter who presides at the Royal Academy, acquire accession of strength with his increasing years, and he maintains his post in the field of art with those in the full vigour of youth. This view in Sicily comprehends all that is excellent in landscape-painting. The country abounds in natural beauty, and justifies the high praises we have heard of the scenery of that celebrated island. The aërial perspective is represented with the purity of an Italian climate. The mountains, the hills, and the woods are coloured with the utmost harmony of effect, and the ruined temples upon the heights convey the most poetic images of past ages. The whole scene fills the mind with delight.

94. *The Cathedral and Castle of Durham.*—The same.

The stillness and solemnity of effect upon this magnificent cathedral, and the ponderous castle on the lofty banks of the river, is represented with Mr. Smith's usual feeling. This picture, like other works of his hand, improves upon the mind of the spectator as it continues before his view; and may be instanced as a just test of the merit of works that result from long experience united with judicious study.

307. *La Santa Casa, at Loretto, Italy.*—The same.

This scene is represented under the influence of an evening sun. The sky is warm and glowing, the buildings, with their lofty domes, produce a very picturesque effect, and the river is gently flowing beneath the walls of the town. This interesting subject, with *the View of the City of Florence*, No. 264, are taken from the same points as those introduced in the much admired work of *Italian Views* from the drawings of Mr. Smith, engraved by that excellent man and ingenious artist, the late Mr. Byrne.

158. *Shakspeare's Seven Ages.*—J. A. Atkinson.

Amongst our most grateful feelings we shall ever include those which occur on beholding the sister arts exalting each other by their kindred aid. The Seven Ages, though often personified by the graphic art, are still brought before our eye in pleasing variety; every painter of genius will treat the subjects according to his feeling. The beautiful and spirited illustrations of our great dramatic bard are here, ₋ven to the life, and appear to us the characters which Shak-

speare drew. We should feel much pleasure in seeing an edition of his plays illustrated by engravings from a series of drawings by this artist, executed with equal spirit to those of the Seven Ages.

334. *Polish Lancers.*—The same.

The exhibition derives an acquisition of interest from this and other spirited subjects of the same class by the pencil of Mr. Atkinson, who has been no inattentive observer of the customs, manners, and habits of the inhabitants of the north of Europe, during his travels in Russia, Sweden, and Poland. We remember many of his faithful portraits of the hardy inhabitants of these regions. His work of the *Costume of Russia* has been regarded by the public with great interest, as in no age has existed so general and laudable a curiosity to become acquainted with the habits of foreign nations as at the present period. This artist is above competition in his military sketches; and his *Battle of Maida*, so glorious to British arms, will long be remembered for its spirit and its truth.

174. *Ashted Church, Surry.*—G. Barrett.

The tranquillity and repose so happily expressed in this representation of the humble village church brings before us all that the bards have sung of the pastoral life. Here would we retire, surrounded by the sheltered cot and cultivated farm, without the dread of feeling e'er again one wish to join the gaiety and bustle of a city life.

34. *A Cottage near Capel Carig, North Wales — after Rain.*— The same.

This stone-built cot, with slated roof, is truly Welsh. The effect of the sky clearing after rain is faithful to nature; the sun is spreading its beams throughout the humid atmosphere in an intense flood of light; the mountains are finely coloured, and the picture is glowing in rich harmony.

39. *A Scene on the Thames, with Putney in the Distance.*—The same.

The talents of this artist have often been devoted with great felicity to the representation of scenes on the British coast—sometimes in delineating the habits of the fishermen, amidst their groups of picturesque boats, enjoying the tranquillity of a summer's calm; at others, in representing these intrepid and useful men with their vessels exposed to the raging elements in a storm. In the subject before us we recognize a very familiar scene on the banks of the Thames, with the shore animated by an assemblage of boats, barges, carts, and figures, in all the bustle peculiar to the spot. The effect is cheerful, glowing with the radiance of a summer evening. Putney bridge and the buildings upon the adjacent banks are in a serene tone of colour, and faithfully delineated.

133. *View from a Garden on the River Pe-Kiang, China.*—W. Westall.

Mr. Westall, one of the most enterprizing landscape-painters, whose zeal for his profession has led him to explore the remotest regions of the globe, has returned to his country with abundant stores of graphic representations of the most romantic views in the whole range of the creation. It rarely happens that a high knowledge of the art is possessed by one who has necessarily passed many

years excluded from the advantages of intercourse with civilized nations; he must have studied alone from the resources of his own mind: yet, do the works of this artist vie in beauty, grandeur, and splendour of effect with those of the best of the English school. This captivating Asiatic spot would almost serve to illustrate our great epic poet's description of the Garden of Eden—every tree, and shrub, and flower is rich in nature's bloom. The figures are full of beauty, and the picture is replete with the excellencies of the graphic art.

128. *A View near Rivaux Abbey, Yorkshire.*—The same.

We have rarely seen a picture of a river winding in "gentle stream" between its woody banks represented with equal truth to nature, or with higher feeling for the art. The foliage and herbage are luxuriant, and the cattle in the water, as combined with this rich assemblage of colour, reflect the brilliancy of gems.

NOTICES OF THE PAINTINGS IN OIL AND WATER-COLOURS IN THE FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ASSOCIATED PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, OLD BOND-STREET.

The introduction of oil-painting in this exhibition, is a new arrangement, and begets a doubt in our minds whether it is a judicious departure from the former practice of this body, who, like the society in Spring Gardens, confined the collection exclusively to works executed in water-colours. This, however, we are willing to leave as mere matter of opinion. At the same time, we respect the practice of painting in oil, as well as water-colours, and congratulate the members of this society, upon the great abilities evinced in the specimens thus brought before the public. We lament that it was not possible to shew them in a room appropriated solely to their reception, which perhaps another year may enable them to do, if the public encouragement should justify the experiment.

Christ restoring the Blind to Sight.—R. Richter.

We need not remind our readers, it is presumed, of the drawings exhibited on the walls of these rooms the three preceding exhibitions, as it is not likely the *Brute of a Husband*, the *Welsh Courtship*, and other subjects from the pencil of this artist, will be forgotten by those who have any respect for the high talents of so original an artist. Mr. Richter is one of the members of this society who has recently devoted his mind to the study of painting in oil, and had our prejudice against the introduction of oil pictures been much greater than we profess to feel, they would have ceased to exist, in honour to the impression which the picture of *Christ restoring the Blind to Sight* has made upon our minds. That the executive is the feeblest part of the work, we may confidently assert, for it is not in the power of genius to overcome, at once, those impediments which practice alone can surmount: the mechanical difficulties of painting in a new material, must plead an

apology for that deficiency in this meritorious work. We, however, shall not do justice to the artist, if we withhold our praise, in his disdaining to hide that in which he alone is weak, by the too common subterfuge of aiming at obscurity. Mr. Richter has at once taken his flight from a humble walk of art, to the lofty region of the grand historic style, and we think with a success almost as extraordinary as the attempt was bold. Christ is justly represented in this composition as the main object of admiration; he is performing the work of benevolence in the divine majesty of mildness, his countenance is noble and ineffably good: the man receiving the precious gift is represented in an agony of gratitude; the expression of the girl, who is looking at the divine operator, is marked with reverential astonishment; and the same feelings are manifested by the countenances of the other witnesses of this miracle, depicted under all the varieties of youth and age, and with the greatest pathos. The grouping is chaste, and designed with studied care; the characters are of that class which become the subject. The whole is dignified and full of expression; and we are of opinion, that this specimen of Mr. Richter's feeling for the highest department of the graphic art, warrants the expectation of contemplating, hereafter, from the powers of his pencil, works that may vie with the best historical pictures of the Italian school.

218. *Rochester Castle.*—W. Bennett.

A fine breadth of effect pervades this picture; the massive castle is boldly relieved upon the sky; the water is smooth and pellucid, reflecting upon its expansive bosom the surrounding objects with great truth to nature. The scene which we have ever thought worthy the study of a painter, is pourtrayed with fidelity, and completed with an extensive display of the knowledge of art.

80. *Landscape — composed as a Companion to Sir Thomas Baring's Picture by Poussin, in the British Institution.*—L. Francia.

This composition, painted in oil, is highly creditable to the talents of Mr. Francia. We think the practice of attempting to produce a companion to a fine picture by an ancient master, is not only more meritorious, but is attended with higher benefit to the student in pursuit of the method of painting in oil, than that of former usage, the making a servile copy. This artist has entered into the feelings of his prototype, and has managed his materials with considerable skill. The composition is wildly romantic, rich, and deep in colouring; and the penciling is executed with a masterly hand.

213. *Windsor Castle—Evening.*—The same.

Some poetic liberty is taken in the delineation of this subject, but yet not more than we tolerate in the works of Claude de Lorraine, Francisco Bolognese, and others of the landscape-painters of old, nor what is necessary to be attended to, unless where topographical identity is professed. This ancient and magnificent residence of our sovereigns is sufficiently marked in its general feature, to raise a complete recollection of its noble appearance in the sober hue of declining day; and

the obscurity of the surrounding scene produces an effect in unison with the pleasing sentiments which pervade the mind in contemplating its gloomy grandeur under the mysterious shades of twilight.

229. *Study at Pensax Court Estate, the Seat of Mrs. I. Clutton, Worcestershire.*—The same.

This romantic spot is represented under the serene light that prevails after the sun has just sunk in bright radiance below the horizon; the scene is inviting, and suited to the contemplative ladies that there seek the cooling shades of twilight. The colouring is chaste, and the general effect truly pleasing.

189. *Thames Scenery, for Publication.*—The same.

The scenery of the sea-coasts, and the shores of our rivers, with the variety of vessels that accompany these pleasing subjects, are delineated by this artist with great credit to his pencil. The playful effects of light and shade upon the undulating water, the spray dashing upon the rocky shores and pebbled beach, are incidents that are often caught by him with great felicity, and represented with the truest effect.

171. *Interior of Wednesbury Church, Staffordshire.*--C. Barber.

The rudely carved oak pews, the irregular pavement of brick and stone, the unadorned pillars, and Gothic windows of this venerable pile, are truly characteristic of the architecture of the humble village church. The solemnity of effect is suited to the sacred place. We think this picture evinces great feeling, and is highly creditable to the talents of Mr. Barber.

192. *Portrait of his Royal Highness the Duke of York.*—Huet Villiers.

A very faithful resemblance of the royal commander-in-chief, and executed with a spirited pencil. We wish it were the custom to have portraits more frequently drawn of this size, as the scale is not too large to admit of the minutiæ of finishing, nor too small for the artist to exhibit his knowledge of every lineament of the human countenance, without being exposed to the most serious injury of his optic nerves.

184. *Girl at a Barn-door, Hertfordshire.*—The same.

Rural beauty and innocent simplicity are sweetly represented in this little picture. The scene is pleasing, the figures are well drawn and delicately finished, and the effect is true to nature. We think this one of the most chaste drawings in the exhibition.

278. *Portrait of Lord Gower.*—The same.

The likeness of this young nobleman is represented with the utmost fidelity in this spirited drawing, which we admire for its uniting truth of colour, high finishing, and elegance of design.

202. *Monuments of Lord Mansfield and the Duke of Argyle, for* Ackermann's *History of Westminster Abbey.*—The same.

These small drawings are finished with great delicacy, and faithfully represent the sculptural beauties of the monuments of the illustrious persons whose sacred ashes they protect. They will add much to the sepulchral ornaments of the interesting work for which they are intended.

135. *A Frame containing six Miniatures.*—The same.

The family piece of the gentleman and his children is a group well drawn, beautifully coloured, and finished with care. The officer of the 18th Hussars is a brilliant miniature, and the other portraits in this frame have a high claim to our praise.

177. *Westminster Abbey, with Henry the Seventh's Chapel restored.*—F. Mackenzie.

We are enabled by the assistance of this drawing, added to what we have seen of the restoration of the chapel, from the mouldering buttresses to their pristine state, which was the most florid style of Gothic architecture, to contemplate the magnificent appearance of the mausoleum of Henry VII. when first erected. The removal of the houses in the late improvements upon this interesting spot, has opened to the view a mass of building, whose continuity alone would have raised our ideas of the grandeur of former times; but when the architectural beauty is combined with the general effect of this stupendous pile, our admiration is increased, and we feel the utmost veneration for the talents of the architects of those early times. This very accurate delineation of the cathedral is engraved in Ackermann's *History of Westminster Abbey.*

181. *View of St. Paul's Chapel, Westminster Abbey.*—The same.

This curious little chapel contains a variety of sepulchral ornaments, in the tombs of the great, for many centuries, each of which may be offered as a specimen of the talents of the sculptor in the different ages wherein they were placed in this sacred spot. We have often expressed our approbation on viewing the drawings of these subjects by Mr. Mackenzie; and we particularly admire this for the fidelity with which it records the various ornaments of the chapel of St. Paul. This subject, the *View of St. Erasmus's Chapel* (No. 173), and the *Tomb of Edmund Crouchback* (No. 226), are engraved for Ackermann's *Westminster Abbey.*—They are executed with scrupulous attention to the parts, and evince a great knowledge of perspective, and a mind capable of feeling the beauties of this building, not only as an architect, but as a painter.

23. *Going to School.*—J. Holmes.

"In ev'ry village mark'd with little spire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name,
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame."

We lament that our limits will not allow us to say all we could in praise of this excellent drawing. The expression, the attitude, the dress, the whole of this refractory, sturdy brat is incomparably hit off. We can fancy this desperate little urchin grown into "the brute of a husband." This surely must have been in the mind of Mr. Holmes when he designed his picture. The girl, who has so sweet a countenance, one cannot but pity, and yet she appears determined to conquer. We are not willing to fancy ourselves yet so old as to have forgotten what we owe to children on the score of affection; but we could scold, and that most loudly, the weak mother who is withholding the father from exercising his strap in the way he seems inclined. We congratulate this artist upon his great improvement, and heartily wish him success.

NOTICES OF THE PICTURES IN THE FORTY-SECOND EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, SOMERSET-HOUSE.

103. *Portrait of Sir William Curtis.*—I. Lawrence, R. A.

THAT portrait-painting has ever met with patronage from the first dawning of the graphic art in Great Britain to the present period, we may safely aver; and although little had been done to the honour of the British artists until the time of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the most celebrated foreign painters being usually invited to this country to pursue that branch of art; yet, from the epoch when Reynolds appeared so glorious to the arts, to the present æra, have the portrait-painters of England held the ascendancy over those of all other nations. The present exhibition, we venture to say, displays a constellation of talent in this department, and justifies the indulgence of a hope, from the steady improvement manifested in these works, that we shall soon stand pre-eminent above the portrait-painters of any age or country. We cannot sufficiently admire the works of Lawrence, Northcote, Phillips, Owen, Sir Wm. Beechey, Thompson, and others, who are daily rising into eminence. The first we shall notice is the *Portrait of Sir W. Curtis*, which is one of the finest pictures that ever graced the walls of the Royal Academy. The drawing is correctly fine, the figure natural and easy, the light and shadow good, and the colouring chaste; the likeness is faithfully delineated, and the execution worthy of the pencil of Vandyke.

57. *Portrait of Mr. Kemble as Addison's Cato.*—The same.

We have heard some remarks upon this portrait that betray less judgment than wit. It is not always difficult to find, nor is it very praiseworthy to seek, passages in a fine poem, or a good picture, for the purpose of raising a laugh at the expence of genius. We are aware of the prejudice that a painter has to encounter in bringing before the public the portrait of a person whom we all know in an assumed character; the imagination is too apt to feel that the expression is artificial: but we think the cast of countenance and the whole figure is a fine personification of the Roman patriot; and, as a picture, we venture to predict, that when time has mellowed the painting, when it has effected that for Lawrence which it has for Vandyke, it will be regarded as a work honourable to the arts of the nineteenth century.

49. *Portrait of Mrs. General Macintyre.*—T. Phillips, R. A.

Purity of style and unaffected truth predominate in the works of this admired artist, whose portraits, though not suddenly captivating, as those by some of his able cotemporaries, yet possess that particular excellence of improving upon the eye the longer they are seen, which we have before instanced as a test of merit of the highest order. The portrait of this lady is painted with great feeling; the countenance is sensible and amiable, and the drawing tasteful and correct.

109. *Portrait of Mrs. Dixon.*—The same.

This exquisitely coloured portrait is a most faithful resemblance of the fair original, and may be regarded

not only as one of the finest of Mr. Phillips's works, but as one of the purest specimens of art that we remember to have seen.

135. *Portrait of J. Hawkes, Esq.* —The same.

There is much expression and fine feeling exhibited in this portrait; the colouring is good, and the effect harmonious.

224. *Portrait of the Duke of Beaufort.*—The same.

A very faithful resemblance of this highly respected nobleman, and painted with the truth of nature.

95. *Portraits of Lady Cecil, and the Hon. Mr. A. and Mr. J. Talbot.*—The same.

The grouping is elegant, and the colouring glowing and harmonious, reminding us of the richness of Titian, whose incomparable works Mr. Phillips has studied with more than common attention; indeed, we see much of the Venetian feeling in many of the works of this master.

258. *Snow Storm: Hannibal and his Army crossing the Alps.*—J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

We feel some difficulty in expressing our sentiments upon this painting, if painting it may be called. We are almost led to describe it as the effect of magic, which this Prospero of the graphic art can call into action, and give to airy nothing a substantial form. This will not be regarded as a popular picture, we can easily presume; for, however we may estimate public judgment in most matters of taste, yet there are occasional poetic flights which men of great original genius will take, that require a studied acquaintance with art, to be capable of following. We, however, are enthusiasts enough to admire the picture, as an emanation of the mind of this poetic painter, which raises upon our imagination all the circumstances attendant upon such an armed multitude overtaken by a snow-storm amidst the stupendous mountains of this wild spot. All that is terrible and grand is personified in the mysterious effect of the picture; and we cannot but admire the genius displayed in this extraordinary work.

161. *View of the High-street, Oxford.*—The same.

We lament that there are so few pictures of this description, as no subjects afford a greater opportunity for the display of the artist's skill in perspective, colour, and the fine effects of light and shadow, than those that represent the picturesque and grand scenery of our ancient cities and towns. We have often contemplated with great delight the various effects of the sun's rays upon the buildings of this city of Gothic palaces. We remember with pleasure the truly fine drawings that have been exhibited at different times upon the walls of the Royal Academy from the pencil of Mr. Turner, representing the interior and exterior views of many of the colleges in this noble university. Indeed, we must ascribe to him the merit of first shewing us the architectural beauties of such subjects combined with pictorial effect. This *View of the High-street, Oxford,* is delineated with scrupulous truth; the buildings display a great knowledge of perspective, the light and shadow are well arranged, and the colouring is clear and harmonious.

136. *The disobedient Prophet of Judah slain by a Lion.* — T. Northcote, R. A.

And it came to pass, after he had eaten bread and after he had drunk, that he saddled for him the ass.

And when he was gone, a lion met him by the way and slew him; and his carcass was cast in the way, and the ass stood by it, the lion also stood by.

And he went and found his carcass cast in the way, and the ass and the lion standing by the carcass: the lion had not eaten the carcass nor torn the ass.

1st Book of KINGS xiii.

This well conceived and finely coloured picture is an instance, amongst many others that might be referred to from the historic pencil of Mr. Northcote, of his refined feeling for subjects of this high class of painting. The part selected from the sacred story is judiciously chosen; for although there are but two human figures, and the same number of animals, yet the mind is led to see in the group all that was necessary to elucidate the subject. The false prophet is represented at that moment when he first discovers the fatal consequences of disobedience in the catastrophe that has befallen the man of God. Remorse is rushing upon his mind, from the consciousness of having brought destruction upon a good man, whose credulity had made him a victim to his perfidy. Yet can one fancy that these workings of compunction will be checked by the dominion which obstinate superstition ever acquires over the legitimate feelings that do honour to the human mind?

90. *Portrait of the Right Hon. the Lady Kinnaird.*—The same.

Sensibility and goodness are depicted in the beautiful countenance of this portrait: the action of the figure is unaffected and easy; the general sentiment of the picture is mildness, which is much aided by the innocent deer not shunning the approach of the gentle lady.

279. *Portrait of the Bishop of Ely.*—The same.

We can speak with confidence to the identity of resemblance which this portrait bears to the venerable prelate. The accompaniments in the composition are suited to the figure, who is seated in his study surrounded with books; the countenance indicates much thinking, and the position is easy and natural; the picture is well coloured, chaste in effect, and very harmonious.

117. *Portraits of Blackthorn, a brood Mare, with Old Jack, a favourite Poney, the Property of E. Mundy, Esq.* — James Ward, R. A.

The colouring of these animals is equal to the finest specimens of the same class of painting that we remember to have seen either of Cuyp, Wouvermans, Potter, or any of the best masters of the Flemish or Dutch schools. The drawing is good, and the penciling masterly.

332. *Portrait of an Officer's Charger of the 7th Hussars.*—H. B. Chalon.

This noble animal is represented in a spirited action, which the artist has caught with great felicity: the drawing is masterly, the head is particularly characteristic of the war-horse, the colouring is fine, and the figure of the orderly serjeant, who holds the bridle, is executed with the hand of a portrait-painter. We think this the best specimen of the art that we have yet seen from the pencil of Mr. Chalon.

50. *The Cottagers' Relief.*—A. W. Callcott, R. A.

There are few subjects that please more generally than such as are chosen from among the picturesque scenery of the humble village or hamlet. The thatched cottage, or

the rude barn, with their rural accompaniments, the figures and animals, have a character peculiarly adapted to pictorial imitation. Mr. Callcott's happy selection of these subjects has often claimed our approbation, and we do not remember a more pleasing picture of rural manners than this. The cottage, the trees, and the landscape in general, are represented with great attention to nature; the figures are full of character, and painted with the masterly finishing of the best artists of the Flemish school.

14. *Little Hampton Pier.*—The same.

The effect of a vernal morning is beautifully spread over this coast scene; the light vapour that subdues the pier and more distant objects, is represented with this artist's usual felicity. The sand yet wet with the departed tide, is truly deceptive; and the group of fishermen is designed and painted with the most just attention to the character and habits of these rude inhabitants of the sea-coast. We consider this one of the finest specimens of art in the British school of landscape-painting.

121. *Portrait of the Lord Chancellor.*—W. Owen, R. A.

It is with much pleasure we unite our testimony with that of others, of the great improvement of this artist, as may be instanced by contemplating the merits of his portraits in the present exhibition.—This whole-length picture of the Lord Chancellor is one of the most faithful likenesses we have seen: the composition of the figure is good, the colouring natural, the painting is harmonious—the robes we particularly admire, being well designed, and executed with the hand of a master. The general effect is not inferior to the best pictures of the late Sir Joshua Reynolds.

66. *Portrait of Lord Grenville.*—The same.

The countenance of this nobleman is recognized at once amidst the vast assemblage of surrounding portraits: its character is marked with energy and truth; the attitude of the figure is animated, yet easy; the robes are painted with great skill; the colouring is sober, yet sufficiently rich; and, however minute our observations may appear, we cannot withhold our admiration of the painting of the shoes and sparkling buckles, which will not be overlooked by those who are acquainted with the difficulties attendant upon every trait of pictorial imitation.

45. *View in Tabley Park, Cheshire, the Seat of Sir J. F. Leicester, Bart.*--H. Thomson, R.A.

We have been amused for several years, on viewing this whimsical and tasteless building, as represented under various effects of light, and shadow, and obscurity, exhibiting the painter's skill; and we should presume, that this subject was offered to the talents of the artists as a pictorial plaything. Mr. Thomson has certainly exhibited much ingenuity and great knowledge of the art in this painting of Tabley Tower, and its surrounding scenery; and we hope that this will not be the only specimen of his talent for landscape-painting that we may have to admire. The colouring is fine, the effect well arranged, and the execution masterly. This picture is worthy of being placed in the extensive gallery of

fine works by the British artists, which this worthy baronet has collected, with a spirit of liberality and patriotism that cannot be too much admired, and that will ever confer honour upon his name.

163. *The Infancy of Jupiter.*—The same.

The group surrounding the infant thunderer is finely conceived and tastefully arranged; the figures are well drawn, the effect is broad, and the colouring chaste. This picture not only evinces the versatility of the artist's powers, but a fine feeling for the historic department of painting.

113. *Portrait of his Royal Highness the Duke of York.*—Sir W. Beechy.

In several of the portraits from the pencil of this worthy knight in the present exhibition, we perceive so much identity of character and just resemblance of the originals from whom they were painted, that we have not found it necessary to refer to the catalogue: indeed, this has been generally observed by the visitors to the exhibition. This portrait of his Royal Highness is painted with great felicity; it is a fac-simile of the royal personage, and, as a picture, is creditable to the reputation of this admired artist.

102. *Portrait of J. Nollekins, Esq. R. A.*—The same.

Nothing can exceed the truth of this portrait of our celebrated statuary. It must have been painted *con amore;* and we hope to see in return for this friendly effusion of the pencil, the bust of Sir William at some future exhibition, from the chisel of Mr. Nollekins.

397. *Tuning.*—A. Chalon.

We have witnessed with much attention the progressive improvement of this young artist, and we have before noticed his compositions in miniature, of this particular cast. The breadth of style, the conception of character, the chaste drawing and richness of colouring, together with the fine feeling for expression that prevails in his pictures on ivory, evince an originality that raises him above all competition. This picture of *Tuning*, and the subject from Gil Blas, *Mergelina, Diego, and Marcos*, may be regarded as the two most prominent pictures amidst the assemblage of talent displayed in the paintings upon ivory in the exhibition.

549. *Portrait of a Lady.*—The same.

We think this specimen of miniature-painting one of the finest that has yet been produced; the countenance is expressive, the drawing is tasteful and correct, the execution is masterly in the highest degree, and the colouring is so true to nature that we cannot but compare it with the portraits of Titian.—The miniature of Mrs. Dottin, tho' smaller than this, is beautiful and animated, and merits equal praise.

655. *Portrait of W. Maynard, Esq.*—W. H. Watts.

There is great clearness and spirit in this portrait; the drawing is correct, the colouring natural, and the effect pleasing and harmonious.

676. *Portrait of a Young Lady.*—The same.

Much chaste feeling is evinced in the treatment of this miniature; the drawing is tasteful, the colouring clear and agreeable, and the

general air of the picture is easy and natural.

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926. *Bust of Mr. Ashby.*—F. L. Chantry.

We recognize in the fine bust of this gentleman the same visage that was so ably pourtrayed by Phillips in the last year's exhibition. We think the likeness admirable, and the execution worthy of the hand of this justly admired statuary, whose works of this order raise him highly above all competition.

932. *Bust of J. Northcote, Esq. R. A.*—The same.

There are few heads that afford a finer opportunity for the exercise of the talents of a statuary, than that of this celebrated historical painter, whose features are expressive, and whose general countenance indicates a philosophical mind. We have often wished to see a bust of this gentleman, and at length are gratified on contemplating this fine performance from the hand of Mr. Chantry.

888. *Bust of the late J. Hyde, Esq.*—P. Rouw.

The talents of Mr. Rouw, as exhibited in his incomparable model of the late M. Boulton, Esq. of Birmingham, and other elegant works of his hand, have been the subject of much conversation amongst the lovers of art. The model of Mr. Hyde commands our praise—the effect is natural, and the execution masterly.

938. *Marble Bust of the late Henry Hope, Esq.*—The same.

This faithful marble brings before our minds the placid countenance of the worthy man, whose munificence to ingenious men and general philanthropy, has left many to deplore his loss, and all to admire his unostentatious virtue.

907. *A Case containing three Bronzes to press Letters; a Terrier, a Bulldog, and a Greyhound.*—G. Garrard, A.

The noble basso-relievos in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Bedford, and those in the collection of Samuel Whitbread, Esq. the works of Mr. Garrard, are sufficient testimonials of his great knowledge of animal nature and tasteful design. The group of *Duncan's Fighting Horses* alone evinces his powers in sculpture. Had such a performance been discovered in the ruins of some Greek town, all the dilletanti would have united in their praise of such marvellous efforts of art. We owe it to our countryman, to assert, that, with the exception of the *Attribute of Neptune*, in the collection of the Elgin marbles, nothing that we have seen of animal sculpture of the ancients is comparable with the basso-relievos, the *Bull* and *Cow*, and other works of animals modelled by Mr. Garrard. The little bronzes alluded to in this article are executed with freedom and taste.

EXHIBITION OF PICTURES PAINTED BY D. WILKIE, R. A. No. 87, PALL-MALL.

This collection is composed in part of pictures that have not been seen by the public; the remainder are from the cabinets of the nobility and others the encouragers of British artists, and have been seen

in several succeeding exhibitions at Somerset House. The high reputation of this artist is already so generally acknowledged, that it is scarcely necessary for us to add our testimony of approbation; as a painter, he has long been regarded as a genius of extraordinary merit. We cannot, however, in justice to his talents, avoid observing, that we saw his paintings again with no diminution of admiration. Of the pictures that are new to the public, we shall first notice—No 1. *The New Coat*, from the *Tale of Jeannot and Colin*—Voltaire. The liveliness of youth is well contrasted in this very pleasing picture with the droll gravity of the tailor, who is fitting his work to the elegant shape of his employer. The story is painted with much humour, and is a work of great merit.

4. *Blindman's Buff—unfinished.*

It will afford some gratification to the dilletante to examine this picture, as it exhibits the artist's mode of proceeding with his painting, which in this subject reminds us of the process of that inimitable colourist, Watteau. We anticipate much from the completion of this work. The arrangement of the groups is tasteful and natural; the action of the figures is playful; all the stratagems that are usually resorted to in this frolicsome game are described with Wilkie's usual felicity, and satisfy us, that his images are taken from nature.

9. *The Village Holiday.*

This rustic fête is enlivened with groups of figures highly characteristic of such a scene. The man, who is hesitating whether he shall go home with his wife, or return to the alehouse with his pot-companions, is truly dramatic; and the angry shrew creeping round the water-trough to reproach her inebriated lord and master, is a trait in this humorous drama equally well described. All the circumstances of this noisy festival are truly depicted, and remind us of some of the merry-makings of the Flemish boors of Jan Stein.

Jew's-Harp.

The character of this rude musician is very naturally described, and the attention of his infant auditors is painted with great truth of expression. There is a fine engraving from this picture published by J. Boydell.

The Sick Lady.

There is much expression in this pathetic picture, particularly in the countenance of the husband, who appears to be waiting in anxious solicitude for the opinion of the doctor, who is attentively considering her case, whilst he feels her pulse. The Bible upon the table, which the good man appears to have been reading to his afflicted wife, excited our sympathy. This is an incident beautifully conceived, and worthy of the artist's mind. The first sketch for this picture, No. 21, is so finely treated, that it is worthy the hand of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

11. *Portraits of a Clergyman and his Wife.*

We understand that these worthy-looking persons are the parents of the admired artist whose works are the subject of these remarks.

There are twenty-nine subjects in this interesting collection, which we have contemplated with emotions of pleasure, not unattended with some feelings of national pride: for the

works of Wilkie, considered with reference to all that he has combined in composition, expression, and painting, in his department of art, raise him far above comparison with any artist of the Flemish, the Dutch, or English schools.

NOTICES OF THE PICTURES AND DRAWINGS IN THE GALLERY OF RICHARD WESTALL, R. A. 54, UPPER CHARLOTTE-STREET, FITZROY-SQUARE.

The impression which the elegant assemblage of paintings and drawings of this celebrated artist has made upon our minds, will long be remembered with pleasure. The picture of *Damocles* raises him to a high rank in the historical department of art. This interesting story, conveying so fine a moral, is told with all the energy that the language of painting is capable of conveying to the mind. The character of Dionysius is dignified and expressive of the admonition he is directing to the ambitious flatterer Damocles, whose agitation on beholding the suspended sword is described with equal pathos. The female attendants are elegant and beautiful, the throne and the palace are suited to the magnificence of the subject, and the colouring of the picture is rich and brilliant to the utmost power of the art.

Amongst many other beautiful works, we were particularly led to admire a series of small drawings of subjects selected from the Old and New Testaments, which, in composition, tasteful drawing, expression, and beautiful execution, we have never seen surpassed, or perhaps never equalled. Those which we had selected for particular notice, but which our limits prevent us from going into further particulars than general reference, were—No. 50. *Ruth gleaning in the Fields of Boaz*—53. *Elijah raising the Widow's Son*—54. *The Blind Prophet, Ahijah, foretelling to the Wife of Jeroboam the Death of her Son*—55. *The Annunciation*—57. *The Angel of the Lord warning Joseph in a Dream to flee into Egypt*—58. *Christ reasoning with the Doctors*—59. *Christ instructing Nicodemus* — and 60. *Christ restoring the Widow's Son to Life.*

The picture of *Cæsar passing the Rubicon*, as described in Lucan's *Pharsalia*, we could with pleasure expatiate upon. The subject is represented with the full power of genius; the figure of the hero possesses more than mortal dignity; the vision is filled with mysterious horror; the colouring is rich, and combines the excellencies of Titian and Rubens.

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF COFFEE,

With a Botanical Description, and Observations on its Medicinal and Dietetic Properties.

(Concluded from p. 272).

Having, in an early number of this work, described the most approved method of preparing from the fruit of this plant the beverage

so well known by its name, it only remains to consider its effects, whether taken medicinally, or as a regular article of food.

In the first place it is necessary to observe, that there is scarcely any vegetable infusion or decoction whose effects differ more from its gross origin than this. Coffee, taken in substance, causes oppression at the stomach, heat, nausea, and indigestion: consequently, the continued use of a preparation of it, in which any quantity of its substance is contained, must tend to produce those indispositions, besides being disagreeable to the palate. The residuum of the roasted berry after its virtues are extracted from it, is little more than an earthy calx, and must therefore be injurious. The want of attention to this circumstance has been the cause of many of the complaints, against coffee, and of the aversion which some people have to it; and from this consideration it is that coffee should not be prepared with milk instead of water, nor should the milk be added to it on the fire, as the tenacity of the latter impedes the precipitation of the grounds, which is necessary for the purity of the liquor.

A knowledge of the principles of coffee, founded on examination and various experiments, added to observations made on the extensive and indiscriminate use of it, cannot authorize us to ascribe to it any particular quality unfriendly to the human frame. On the other hand, the unerring test of experience has confirmed its utility in many countries, not exclusively productive of those inconveniencies, habits, and diseases, for which its peculiar properties seem most applicable. If we duly consider those properties, as also the state of our atmosphere, the food and modes of life of the inhabitants of this country, and the chronical infirmities which derive their origin from these sources, it will be evident what salutary effects might be expected from the general dietetic use of coffee in Great Britain. When drunk warm, within an hour after dinner, it is of singular use to those who have headachs from a weakness in the stomach, contracted by attention or inebriation. It assists a weak digestion; and if, in some delicate habits, it produces nervous symptoms, the phlegmatic, and persons inclined to corpulence, derive on the contrary great benefit from its use. It is slightly astringent and antiseptic, moderates the alimentary fermentation, and is powerfully sedative.

Such are the results of the observations and experiments of the late Dr. Percival, who farther says, that "its medicinal qualities seem to be derived from the grateful sensation which it produces in the stomach, and from the sedative powers it exerts on the *vis vitæ*. Hence it is taken in large quantities with peculiar propriety by the Turks and Arabians, because it counteracts the narcotic effects of opium, to the use of which those nations are much addicted."

"The following curious and important observation," continues the same writer, "is extracted from a letter with which I was honoured by Sir John Pringle, in April 1773. 'On reading your section concerning coffee, one quality occurred to me which I had observed of that liquor, confirming what you have

said of its sedative virtues. It is the best abater of the paroxysms of the periodic asthma that I have seen. The coffee ought to be newly burnt, and made very strong immediately after grinding it. I have commonly ordered an ounce for one dish, which is to be repeated fresh after the interval of a quarter or half an hour, and which I directed to be taken without milk or sugar. —The medicine in general is mentioned by Musgrave in his treatise *De Arthritide anomola;* but I first heard of it from a physician in this place, who, having once practised it in Litchfield, had been informed by the old people of that place, that Sir John Floyer, during the latter years of his life, kept free from, or at least lived easy under his asthma from the use of very strong coffee. This discovery, it seems, he made after the publication of his book on that disease.' Since the receipt of that letter," adds Dr. Percival, "I have frequently directed coffee in the asthma with great success."

When, in addition to these recommendations, it is considered what important commercial advantages would accrue from the general substitution of coffee, a production of our own colonies, for one which annually drains the country of prodigious quantities of specie, it will appear surprising that its use is not more common, especially since the material reduction of the duties paid to government has enabled the consumer to purchase it at a so much cheaper rate. One great obstacle to its universal adoption is undoubtedly the trouble attending its preparation. Attempts have been made to obviate this impediment, and a patent has recently been obtained for a method of preparing coffee, by which the consumer is spared the trouble of grinding. By this process the coffee is roasted in the usual manner, and whilst it is hot or warm, and the oil will bind, it is either ground, bruised, granulated, or reduced to powder, as expeditiously as possible, and compressed into a solid body. A great object has undoubtedly been gained by this invention, especially if we may depend on the statement of the patentee, Mr. Walter Rochfort, grocer, of Bishopsgate-street, who says, "The utmost I hoped for was to have rendered it as good as fresh-ground coffee; but find it not only equal, but superior in strength and flavour, and for a considerable time as good as fresh-roasted coffee. This is also the most economical way in which it can be prepared, little or none of its flavour or strength being lost by evaporation, but in the common way a great portion of both is dissipated in grinding and cooling. Two ounces of my preparation will generally go as far as three in the usual way."

To facilitate the sale of this article, an handsome edifice, to be called the *Coffee-Mart*, on a plan somewhat similar to the Auction-Mart, is now erecting in Mincing-lane. When finished, we shall probably gratify the readers of the *Repository* with a view and description of this structure, which promises to be an ornament to that part of the metropolis in which it is situated, and of extensive benefit in promoting the use of a grateful and salubrious beverage, in lieu of one whose qualities are at the best of a very doubtful and equivocal nature.

Plate 37.—VIEW OF ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

The exterior of this edifice is certainly not such as to excite any ideas of grandeur or magnificence, and still less to mark it as the only habitation which the monarch of a mighty empire possesses in his capital, and that too the most opulent and flourishing city in the world. The disparity between the appearance of this palace, and the object to which it is appropriated, has often afforded a theme of wonder and pleasantry, especially to foreigners; who, forming their notions of royal splendour from piles erected by despotic sovereigns, with treasures wrung from a whole oppressed nation, cannot at once reduce their ideas to the more simple and economical standard which the head of a limited monarchy is obliged to adopt in his expenditure. But had even the house of Brunswick the uncontrouled disposal of the revenues of the state, there is no reason to imagine, that any of its illustrious members would so far belie the spirit of the nation which they govern, as to prefer the appendages of empty parade and ostentation to the more substantial advantages of comfort and convenience.

On the site of St. James's Palace originally stood an hospital dedicated to St. James, founded before the Norman conquest, by some devout citizens of London, for leprous females, and endowed with several manors in Hampstead, Hendon, and other parishes. To this foundation were afterwards added eight brethren, for the performance of divine service. This hospital was rebuilt in the reign of Henry III. and the custody of it was given by Henry VI. to Eton College. At the time of its surrender to the crown under Henry VIII. its annual revenues were estimated at £100. That monarch demolished the old fabric, and on its site erected a palace, which is called by Stow "a goodly manor;" but does not appear to have been the residence of royalty till the destruction of Whitehall Palace by fire in 1697. This building, of which some remains may still be discovered, especially in the north gate-way, with its towers, represented in the annexed view, was given by James I. to his son Henry, Prince of Wales, who resided in it till his death in 1612. Here the unfortunate Charles I. was confined on his removal from Windsor during the last eleven days of his life. In 1688, when the Prince of Orange had approached very near to the metropolis, the bigotted James II. sent a message to him, offering this palace for his habitation. The offer was accepted, but at the same time intimation was given to the king that his future residence at Whitehall would be dangerous. James took the hint, and quitted for ever the palace of his ancestors. The fidelity manifested on this occasion by an old and faithful servant of the dethroned monarch, is worthy of notice. At this period it was customary to mount guard both at Whitehall and St. James's, and Lord Craven was on duty at the latter, when the Dutch guards, by William's orders, marched through the Park

St. James's Palace.

to relieve him. His lordship resolutely refused to quit his post, and was preparing to make the most determined resistance to the intrusion of the Dutchmen, when he received a command from James to submit, on which he reluctantly withdrew his party, and marched away with sullen dignity. The son of James II. styled the Pretender, was born in the antichamber to the levee-room, which is still called the old bed-chamber. "The bed," observes Pennant, "stood close to the door of the back-stairs, which descended to an inner court. It certainly was very convenient to carry on any secret design, and might favour the silly warming-pan story, had not the bed been surrounded by twenty of the privy-council, four other men of rank, twenty ladies, besides pages and other attendants. James, with imprudent pride, neglected to disprove the tale; it was adopted by party, and firmly believed by its zealots." In King William's reign St. James's was fitted up for the princess, afterwards Queen Anne, and her consort Prince George of Denmark, and from that time continued, till Buckingham House was purchased for the queen, to be the residence of the British monarchs, but of late years has been used only for purposes of state. On the 21st January, 1809, great part of this palace was consumed by an accidental fire, which reduced to ashes the whole south-east corner, comprehending the Queen's private apartments, those of the Duke of Cambridge, some of the state apartments, together with the French and Dutch chapels. Since that event St. James's has seldom been visited by the royal family; and from the commencement of his Majesty's present indisposition it has been completely deserted.

The exterior of this palace, especially on the side next to the Park, though far from imposing, cannot be pronounced mean, and being of only one story, has a certain regularity of appearance not to be found in the other parts of the building. The whole is of brick, and consists chiefly of several courts, the principal of which is entered by the gate-way next to Pall-Mall. The state apartments look towards the Park, and were very old and meanly furnished till they were fitted up in their present state on the marriage of the Prince of Wales. The walls are covered with very beautiful tapestry, which, though made for Charles II. had never been put up, having by some accident been left in a chest till discovered a short time previous to the marriage of the Prince. The canopy of the throne was made for the Queen's birth-day immediately succeeding the union of Great Britain and Ireland. It is of crimson velvet with broad gold lace, having embroidered crowns set with real and fine pearls. In the grand drawing-room is a magnificent chandelier of silver gilt; and in the grand levee-room a noble bed, the furniture of which is of crimson velvet, manufactured in Spitalfields. These apartments are adorned with some pictures, but none of particular merit or curiosity.

The chapel royal, on the west side of the great court, is small and plain. The building is supposed to be a relic of the religious establishment which formerly existed

on the site of this palace, and to have been used by the inmates of the hospital for the same purpose as at present.

The rest of this extensive pile of buildings is occupied by branches of the royal family*, or by their majesties' attendants and servants.

When the palace was erected by Henry VIII. he at the same time inclosed a contiguous piece of ground, which had till then been a desolate marsh, laid it out in walks, and collected the waters. This spot was named, after the new edifice, St. James's Park. At the north-eastern extremity of this park a garden was made by order of Charles I. on the site of the streets still known by the appellation of the Spring Gardens, which was given to it. Here was a bowling-green, which, as appears from the Stafford papers, was open for the entertainment of the public. Mr. Garrard, writing in 1634 to Lord Stafford, says, "The bowling-green in the Spring Gardens was put down one day by the king's command, but by the intercession of the queen it was reprieved for this year; but hereafter it shall be no common bowling-place. There was kept in it an ordinary of six shillings a meal (when the king's proclamation allows but two elsewhere), continual bibbing and drinking wine all day under the trees; two or three quarrels every week. It was grown scandalous and insufferable; besides, my Lord Digby being reprehended for striking in the king's garden, he said he took it for a common bowling-place, where all paid money for their coming in." In a subsequent letter Mr. Garrard writes thus: "Since the Spring Garden was put down, we have, by a servant of the Lord Chamberlain's, a new Spring Garden, erected in the fields behind the Meuse, where is built a fair house and two bowling-greens, made to entertain gamesters and bowlers at an excessive rate; for I believe it has cost him £4000—a dear undertaking for a gentleman barber. My Lord Chamberlain much frequents the place, where they bowl great matches." A writer of the 17th century says of this place, "The inclosure is not disagreeable for the solemnness of the grove, the warbling of the birds, and as it opens into the spacious walk at St. James's; but the company walk in at such a rate as you would think all the ladies were so many Atalantas contending with their wooers; but as fast as they run, they stay so long as if they wanted time to finish the race; for it is usual to find some of the young company here till midnight." Mr. Lysons, to whose industrious researches we are indebted for these facts, observes, that "this little trait of the fashion of the times will serve to account for many scenes in some of our old comedies, which still maintain their ground upon the stage, to the probability of whose incidents a modern audience cannot easily be reconciled."

St. James's Park was much enlarged and improved by Charles II. who added to it several fields, caused it to be planted with lime-trees,

* At the north-west end are the apartments of the Duke of Cumberland; and here was made the atrocious attack on his royal highness, the circumstances of which are too recent to be forgotten by any of our readers.

under the direction of the celebrated Le Notre, gardener to Louis XIV. laid out the Mall, a vista half a mile in length, which received its name from a game at ball, for which was formed a hollow smooth walk inclosed on each side by a border of wood, and having an iron hoop at one extremity. He also contracted the water into a canal 100 feet broad and 2800 long, with a decoy and other ponds for water-fowl. The same monarch had likewise an aviary adjoining to the Bird-cage Walk, thus named from the cages which were hung in the trees. "Charles," says Cibber, "was often seen here amidst crowds of spectators, feeding his ducks, and playing with his dogs, and passing his idle moments in affability even to the meanest of his subjects, which made him to be adored by the common people; so fascinating in the great are the habits of condescension." At the east end of the Park was in his time a swampy retreat for the ducks, thence denominated *Duck Island*, which, by that merry monarch, was erected into a government, and a salary annexed to the office, in favour of the celebrated French writer M. de St. Evremond, who was the first and last governor. This island has yielded to the improvements and alterations made here since the commencement of the present reign.

This park is laid out with an agreeable air of negligence, and is about a mile and a half in circuit. It is constantly open for pedestrians; and the north side, called the Mall, is furnished with numerous seats for their accommodation. At the east end, contiguous to the War-Office, is a spacious parade for the exercise of the horse and foot guards.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

R. Ackermann has in great forwardness, a work entitled *Somervile's Rural Sports*, embellished with fifteen wood-engravings by Messrs. Thurston and C. Nesbit. This will form a companion to *The Chase*, by the same author, illustrated with wood-engravings by Bewick, published some years ago by Bulmer. From the acknowledged abilities of Thurston as a draftsman, and Nesbit as an engraver on wood, we are led to expect some graphic ornaments to this work, which will render it highly acceptable to the collector of elegant publications.

Mr. Wilkie's celebrated picture of *Village Politicians*, which first established his reputation as an artist, is about to be engraved by Mr. Raimbach, as a companion to the print of the *Blind Fiddler*, already published.

We have the satisfaction to learn, that one of the prize questions proposed by the proprietor of the *Repository*, has led Mr. W. Lester, so well known to the public for his improvements in agricultural machinery and implements, to a train of reasoning and a course of experiments, which have produced discoveries that promise to be of the highest importance to the agriculture of these kingdoms, and greatly benefit the whole human race. From these discoveries, a statement of which Mr. Lester is preparing to lay before the public, philosophy,

the arts, and manufactures will obtain a most important and interesting acquisition.

In the course of next month will be published, *Hints on the Laws and Customs among Ancient and Modern Nations* respecting Marriage, Marriage Ceremonies, Divorce, Adultery, Polygamy, Purchasing of Wives, Celibacy, Parental Authority and Obligations, Filial Obligations, the Descent of Property, Dower, Rape, Seduction, Fornication, Prostitution, Chastity, Duelling, Perjury, Gaming, Lying, Libels, False Witness, Luxury, Treason, Theft, Debtors, Extravagance, Usury, Dishonesty, Bastardy, Taxation, Guardianship, the Punishment of Crimes and Offences against Morality, &c. &c.; together with a Sketch of the Condition of Women among all Nations.

The Rev. T. F. Dibdin is engaged in preparing a work, entitled *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*, a descriptive catalogue of the early printed books, and of many important first editions, in the library of George John Earl Spencer, K. G. &c. &c. accompanied with copious notes, plates of fac-similes, and numerous appropriate embellishments. It is intended to be a Catalogue Raisonné of that portion of the library which comprehends books printed in the fifteenth century, and first editions of many distinguished authors.

Charles Butler, Esq. shortly will publish, *Some Account of the Life and Writings of James Benigne Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux*, in a small octavo volume. Also, *a Succinct History of the Revolutions of the principal States that composed the Empire of Charlemagne*, from his coronation in 814 to its dissolution in 1806.

The Rev. Thomas Belsham has just sent to press, *Memoirs of the late Rev. Theophilus Lindsey*, which will be comprised in an octavo volume.

Mr. Hooker's expected work on the *British Jungermanniæ*, containing coloured figures, with descriptions of that most beautiful, but neglected branch of British botany, is about to appear in monthly numbers.

Dr. Davy, professor of chemistry at the Royal Institution, has in the press, a volume of *The Elements of Chemistry*.

Translations of the popular Comedies of Aristophanes are preparing for the press, by a gentleman of Cambridge.

The Hon. Colonel Dillon's second volume of his *Commentary on the Military Establishments and Defence of the British Empire*, is in the press, and will appear in the course of the month.

Mr. Maxwell proposes to publish *The Aquatic Tourist*, being a particular description of the towns, villages, country seats, places of amusement, antiquities, &c. from Westminster Bridge to Windsor.

Miss Maria Edgeworth has in the press a fourth and fifth volume of *Tales of Fashionable Life*.

China, its Costumes, Arts, Manufactures, &c. from the French of M. Bertin, minister and secretary of state in the two preceding reigns, is in the press, in four octavo volumes, with seventy-nine plates.

Mr. James Forbes, F. R. S. &c. has in the press, and nearly completed, a work on the General, Moral, and Natural History of a con-

siderable part of India, where he resided many years, with opportunities of acquiring information, seldom obtained by Europeans. —Numerous admirable engravings from his original drawings, some of them coloured by artists of the first eminence, will illustrate the subjects of antiquities, ruins, public buildings, topography, natural history, arts, costume of the natives, &c.

Lord Byron's *Satires* are in the press, including Hints from Horace, and the Curse of Minerva, never before published.

Miss Vandell has in the press, in a quarto volume, *The Pleasures of Human Life*, a poem.

Mr. G. Dyer has in the press, in two volumes, *a Series of Poems, and Disquisitions on Poetry;* intended as a sketch of the author's studies and pursuits in different periods of his life.

Mr. Charles Phillips has in the press, *The Emerald Isle*, a poem, with notes, founded on the Consolations of Erin.

A second edition of Mr. Ritson's *English Songs*, with their music, and with additional songs and notes by Mr. Park, in three crown octavo volumes, is nearly ready for publication.

Edward Wakefield, Esq. has nearly ready for publication, *a Statistical and Political Account of Ireland*, in two quarto volumes.

An eminent member of the church of England is engaged on a work on the *Characters of Caiphas and Barnabas:* exculpating the Jews from the charge of having crucified our Saviour, and proving the same to have been wholly and solely the act of the Roman government.

The Rev. Alexander Smith, of Keith Hall, has in great forwardness for the press, *a Translation of Michaelis's celebrated Work on the Mosaic Law*, which several eminent biblical scholars have strongly recommended to the attention of theological students, as containing the most complete view of the Jewish polity that has ever been given. The first part, we understand, will soon be published.

The *Moniteur* of March 3, states, that authentic advices had been received at Franckfort, announcing, that the celebrated German traveller, Hornemann, who, about ten years ago, set out from Cairo, to discover antiquities, and explore the interior of Africa, was at Murzook, in the kingdom of Fezzan, where he enjoyed the confidence of the sultan, and acted as his minister. He had been carried into slavery, and endured the most incredible hardships. Hornemann will be the first European who ever penetrated to Fezzan, the existence of such a kingdom hitherto resting on the credit of the Moors. Fezzan is a small circular domain, placed in the midst of vast deserts, and is south of Tripoli near 500 miles.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

A Sonata for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Wm. Hawkins, by P. A. Kreusser. Op. 27. Pr. 4s.

This is the last of the three sonatas recently published by Mr. K.; its general style, however, differs widely from that of the others, particularly the first. In the work before us we discover unusual originality of conception, joined to a high degree of profound erudition.

Here, more than in any other of his works, the author appears to have entirely abstracted himself from the frivolous taste of the day, in order to produce a work on which to build his fame with the select few who possess an ear and head to judge of musical excellence. The very construction of this sonata is original. A Grave in F minor serves as an introduction to an allegro in the same key ($\frac{3}{4}$), but terminating in a few bars of largo in $\frac{4}{4}$ time, the last chord of which, in F major, leads to a short allegro in the same major key ($\frac{6}{8}$), which is made to resolve itself into an intermediate movement in *Tempo di Siciliana*, whose motivo in A minor is made the basis of a variety of phrases in all manner of keys, until, by a well managed arrival in the seventh, the subject of the allegro in F major is once more resumed and employed to conduct the sonata to its conclusion. The introductory *grave* may in every respect be termed a masterly production. With scarcely a trace of the diatonic scale, it proceeds through those delicate unnerving chromatic strains and combinations which so eminently distinguish the best of Haydn's slow movements. The contrapuntal structure of the second and third lines is effected with consummate skill; and the two last lines, in their progress towards the terminating pause in the lesser seventh, are rich in solemn and pathetic expression. The allegro which immediately follows, at once commands the player's favour by its decisive minor theme; but soon a labyrinth bursts upon us of such beautiful major and minor modulations, of original transitions and chords, of cross-hand passages of admirable effect, of frequent application of counterpoint, in fact, of every requisite to render a composition interesting and deserving of the careful examination of the musical adept, that even an attempt at distinguishing its most prominent meritorious features would, without the advantage of musical types, lead to a prolixity perhaps as tedious to our readers as it would be foreign to the purpose of the *Repository*. We, therefore, take leave of a production which has afforded us throughout unalloyed delight, strongly recommending it both as a theoretical study and as a practical exercise to the higher class (and to such only) of musical students; a recommendation the less biassed, as before the publication of those sonatas we had not the pleasure of even knowing the author.

Three Canzonets, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Ann Scot, by P. A. Kreusser. Pr. 4s.

Taking Haydn's beautiful canzonets as the standard of perfection for that species of composition, we can safely aver, that, both in point of melody and harmony, the present canzonets of Mr. K. approach the excellence of those truly classic models more nearly than the productions of any author that has ventured to pursue the path traced by the immortal German composer. Indeed, Mr. K.'s vocal style may be said to resemble that of Haydn, his master, as fully as any one thing can be like another, without being a servile imitation or downright plagiarism. The first of these canzonets in A major, "*The silver moon's enamour'd beam*," must

win every ear by its soft and simply chaste melody (true to the text throughout), by its excellent accompaniment, and the elegance of the interspersed symphonies. The second canzonet, "*A youth adorn'd with every art*," is composed throughout, and with great judgment divided into two parts; the first, in which the love-sick maid describes the qualities of her lover, being set in F major, artlessly pleasing as to melody; but when she comes to relate and bewail his untimely fate, the key and mood change, the former being F minor, with a fine occasional aberration into A b major, which reminds us forcibly of a similar passage in one of Haydn's canzonets. The last page (9) of this canzonet is altogether very beautiful. It would be difficult to express the sombre import of the text with more simplicity and appropriate feeling. The effect of the inverted diminished seventh at "no cries" (*l.* 3, *b.* 2,) is quite what it ought to be. The conclusion likewise, and the few bars of terminating symphony, are entitled to unqualified commendation. And here we could have wished the canzonet to have closed. The Da-Capo, which leads to the repetition of the major first part, is contrary to the intent of the poetry, and hurtful to the plaintive effect produced by the fine conclusion *p.* 9. As to the third canzonet, "*Stay, oh! stay, thou lovely shade!*" the melody of which (in E b) is likewise of a lofty and serious cast, we are fearful to speak in terms adequate to our admiration of its transcendent excellence, lest a suspicion of undue partiality might arise with our readers. There are but six staves, but these few are the work of a master. The expression of the exclamation, "ah!" (*l.* 2, *b.* 2), is very happy; and the period, "*light and reason, cruel friends*," &c. with its scientific accompaniment, incomparably beautiful. Indeed, the whole of this page (11) displays a rare combination of refined taste and first-rate science; and here, as well as in the other canzonets, we observe another merit, which in a foreigner is the more commendable—a very scrupulous attention to quantity and metre, exemplified by correct accentuation and proper rhythmic division. The occasional, and sometimes frequent repetitions of certain portions of the text are generally well placed, but the melody in such cases appears to us not always reiterated with sufficient variation.

"*To be, or not to be*" *a favourite Rondo, composed and arranged for the Piano-Forte* by Thos. Powell. Pr. 2s.

The facetious modesty of this title, which leaves it to the public whether this composition of Mr. P.'s is "*to be, or not to be* a favourite rondo," will probably elicit a favouring smile from our readers. If we recollect right, we have heard the author play it in a violoncello-concerto of his composition, and derived that entertainment from it which his superior skill on that instrument is sure to afford. As to the rondo itself, it possesses the advantage of flowing facility, connected progress of passages, and appropriate modulation in different keys. The transition from two sharps (D major) to two flats (B major) *p.* 5, *l.* 3, appears to us rather abrupt, and might have been easily qualified

by the interpolation of the chord of D minor, before the arrival in the seventh.

The Rose-Bud, the Words by the Rev. H. T. Knapp, the Music composed by W. H. Cutler. Pr. 1s.

The melody of the " Rose-Bud" (A b major) bespeaks considerable taste for vocal composition; it is impressive and chaste, and the introduction of the minor key at " *And thought what a pity,*" is attended with all the good effect the author's judgment can have anticipated. In the accompaniment, a little more variety than the constant quavered chords of the right-hand would have been desirable; some passages seemed to invite a touching glance of counterpoint, and in two or three transitions the want of a solving discord is felt. One or two misaccentuations offend the ear, " nātūre" and "chāngēs" are scanned " nătūre, chăngēs." The author, we hope, will assign to these observations their true motive, a desire to further the improvement of an incipient composer, whose promising talents entitle him to our special regard. Our copy has some corrections of the pen, which we trust have been transferred to the plate.

A Sonata for the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments for the Flute or Violin, composed, and dedicated to Miss Zenogle, by S. F. Rimbault. Op. 3. Pr. 4s.

Three movements, an allegro in D, Siciliana in A, and rondo in D. Altogether an easy and agreeable composition, so totally void of theoretical and practical difficulties, that it lies quite within the compass of the head and hands of beginners, to whom it may be justly recommended as an appropriate exercise for their improvement and the advantageous display of their limited proficiency, especially when assisted by the accompaniment of the flute or violin, which is set in character. The subjects of the three movements are pleasing, the modulations introduced in the allegro (*p.* 4) natural; but the gamut passages at the conclusion of the first and second parts (*p.* 3, *l.* 1, and *p.* 6, *l.* 3,) rather meager. The motivo of the Siciliana reminds us of Mozart's " *Ah perdoni al primo affetto.*" We approve of its minor part, but cannot coincide with the solution into A (*p.* 8, *l.* 1, *b.* 3), the leading notes of the six semiquavers in the right-hand being heterogeneous with the last quavered chord in the bass. The subject of the rondo and its light superstructure are entertaining, and the passages linked in natural succession, and with attention to the fingers. The minore in the last page (14) we had nearly overlooked; indeed, as the conclusion at *p.* 13 is absolute and complete, a further episode was scarcely to be expected, and may be deemed superfluous, inasmuch as thereby we obtain the final conclusion twice over.

Le Fugitif, a Sonata for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the German Flute or Violin, composed by J. Monro. Op. 4. Pr. 4s.

From the title of this sonata we anticipated some *fugued* subject or elaboration of theme, or some scientific *flights* through a set of modulatory chords, but our expectations were disappointed. Why the author has chosen this title remains, there-

fore, a secret to us; the sonata might just as well have been called "*Le tire-botte d'Apollon*," *le tablier de Diane*, or any other random name. However, although we did not find in this sonata what our mistaken interpretation of the title led us to expect, we found sufficient matter for our entertainment. The ideas are not novel or striking, but all is put together in a workmanlike manner, so as to produce a pleasing whole, which may safely be recommended to the student that can command the assistance of a flute or violin; for that part is obligato, and indeed set with considerable taste and knowledge of effect, especially in the larghetto, which, in point of theme, deduction, and elegant conclusion, has a particular claim on our favour. The rondo also is cheerful, relieved by a proper minor and a neatly wound-up termination. Against the bass of the beginning of the allegro (*p.* 1, *ll.* 1 and 2) we feel a strong objection. The continued octaves have a stiff effect, and remind us of days of yore.

The three Lads, a favourite Air, with Variations for the Piano-Forte and Flute Accompaniment, composed by Mozart. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The theme from a tirzett in the *Magic Flute*, the variations by an anonymous author. Of the latter there are five, in all of which the subject is creditably handled. This little publication therefore, the price of which is highly reasonable, will be entitled to its turn in the search for novelty so prevalent at the present day, and the student will spend ten minutes dedicated to its execution with pleasure and profit.

Von Esch's Turkish Divertimento, with the Introduction of Les Folies d'Espagne, arranged by the Author as a Duet for the Piano-Forte, and dedicated to Miss and Miss Matilda Corea. Pr. 5s.

As we have treated in our last (*p.* 285) at some length of Mr. V. Esch's Turkish divertimento, and as the present publication is precisely the same, only that it is arranged for two performers instead of one, as before, we beg to refer the reader to our former critique, and merely to add, that the task of separating his own composition into two parts has been well accomplished by the author. In the march, and the *Sicilienne* especially, the second player will find ample employment. The harmony is full throughout, and the effect imposing.

"*Haste to Thorney Down To-morrow*," *with six Variations, arranged for the Piano-Forte, to which is added an Accompaniment for the Harp and two Horns ad libitum, dedicated to Miss Sarah Manton*, by Jno. Mugnié. Pr. 10s. 6d.

As we have had rare advantage of hearing this composition performed in all its four parts by as many masters, among whom we cannot pass over the delicate performance of the horns by Messrs. Harper and Berry, it is in our power to speak decisively of the effect of this composition. We are free to declare, that in brilliancy and fulness of harmony it would be difficult to excel "Thorney Down." The variations for the piano-forte are contrived with eminent skill, and devised with great diversity of character; whether we advert to the elegant ar-

rangement of the crossed hands in the first, the rapid evolutions of the second, or the delicate and mellow rivalship between the harp and piano-forte in the third. In the fourth variation, which requires no mean proficient to execute, we observe again a powerful effect attained by the alternate movements, in the treble and bass, assigned to the right-hand; and the fifth engages our attention by its masterly running bass. The sixth, representing, under a rapid allegro, a hunting-piece, concludes the composition with uncommon *éclât*. "Thorney Down," although transcendently splendid through its accompaniments, is by no means barren and dry for the piano-forte alone; and with the adventitious recommendation of superb typography, cannot fail to fascinate the amateur. A more elegant title-page has, during the whole course of our critical labour, not come under our observation. The writing, executed by Girtin, is a model of engraved penmanship; and the vignette, representing Diana issuing from a wood, is so exquisitely beautiful, that it is as much to be regretted it is not published separately, instead of being exposed on the title to the chance of injury, as that the authors of neither the drawing nor the engraving have chosen to affix their names thereto.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

It is with feelings of sincere sorrow, that we have to stop the press in order to announce to our readers the recent and sudden decease of a man, the effusions of whose genius have frequently been the subject of the pages of our Musical Critique. Mr. Joseph Woelfl died on Thursday, 21st May. To those who are acquainted with his works (and what lover of real musical excellence is ignorant of their merit?) an eulogium on their value would surely appear superfluous. Suffice it to say, that they breathe the true spirit of Mozart, whose darling pupil Woelfl was for a considerable time. The time is too short to collect the materials necessary for a biographical sketch; but we shall use our best efforts to present our readers with a concise notice of the principal incidents in the life of this great composer. His portrait, which we noticed in a preceding number, and which may be considered as a tribute of private friendship paid him by the publisher of the *Repository*, must now become doubly valuable to the lovers of Woelfl's muse; and of the numerous compositions of his fertile pen, the Harmonic Budget claims a superior interest, as being one of the last emanations of Woelfl's transcendent talents.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

With a heart still rent by sincere sorrow, it is our painful task here to record an event, in its particular features unprecedented in the annals of ancient or modern history. On Monday, the 11th of May, a little after five o'clock in the afternoon, as the prime minister of the British empire, the Right Honourable Spencer Perceval, First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, on his way to parliament, was entering the lobby

of the House of Commons, a shot fired from a pistol held to his breast, penetrated the heart. He walked two or three paces onward, faintly exclaiming "Murder!" and fell down dead. The wretch who had perpetrated this horrible deed, John Bellingham, did not, as he might have done in the first confusion, attempt to escape, but surrendered willingly, and admitted the fact. On his examination, it appeared that he had been prompted to this unheard of crime by no political or party motive, but solely by an impulse of individual resentment, arising from the circumstance of government paying no attention to repeated applications of his for indemnification of injuries and injustice pretendedly inflicted on him by the Russian tribunals of justice, not on any public account whatsoever, but as a private speculator in the Russian dominions, in which capacity he had been sued for the payment of debts claimed by Russian subjects, and on his refusal to discharge them, dragged from one prison to another, until the year 1809, when he was, unfortunately for this country, set at liberty, and enabled to return to England, where, as we have stated, he indulged in the erroneous conviction of having a claim on *his* country for the hardships he had endured in another. This claim he had urged at various times, in every kind of shape, with almost every department of administration, until finding every door shut to his unwearied applications, and receiving a peremptory and final refusal from the Treasury, he resolved, as he himself declared, to take the law in his own hand, to destroy Mr. Perceval, and thus bring his cause under public cognizance, confident as he felt (even to the last moment preceding the verdict), that the perpetration even of his foul assassination would not stand in the way of his acquittal, and procure him the justice he had so long sought for in vain.

He was tried at the Old Bailey on the Friday following the murder (15th); the plea of insanity set up by his counsel, Mr. Alley, was successfully refuted by the attorney general, and even spurned at by the prisoner, who, in an eloquent and coherent defence of more than one hour, endeavoured to *justify* his desperate act. But the jury pronounced the verdict of *guilty*, and on Monday the 18th he was hanged at the Old Bailey. His conduct to the moment of his death was distinguished by a tranquillity and firmness worthy of a better cause, and certainly betrayed no symptoms of insanity. Although, therefore, a fit object of the retributive justice of an injured country, we yet, for the honour of that country, feel warranted in declaring our opinion, that Bellingham's judgment laboured under that sort of warped and perverted organization, which is capable of considering the greatest atrocities as acts perfectly justifiable, if not meritorious, and which may as easily produce fanaticism in a private cause as in a public one.

Mr. Perceval has left behind him the regrets of a great majority of the British nation, and a character on which his family and descendants may justly pride themselves. The most strenuous of his political opponents in the senate, without exception, paid to his memory an ample tribute of their sense of his

public and private virtues, his amiable character, nay, even his talents as a statesman. The party whose head and soul he was, have suffered in his death a loss which it will be difficult, if not impossible, to replace: indeed the chasm it has caused in the Prince Regent's councils has to this moment (21st) not been filled up. His remains were, on the 16th, conveyed to Charlton, in Kent, and there deposited in the family vault. But for the request of the disconsolate family, the honuors of a public funeral would have been the last tribute of a grateful country to the worth of a man beloved by all who knew him.—The case of Mr. Perceval's widow and of his twelve children was immediately considered by parliament; and the proposal made by government to settle £2000 per annum upon Mrs. Perceval, and to grant to the children the sum of £50,000, to be vested in trustees, was not only unanimously assented to, but an additional sum of £1000 per annum voted to the eldest son of the deceased minister.—Mr. Perceval had just attained the fiftieth year of his age.

Compared with an event of such calamitous importance, the rest of our domestic occurrences vanish into insignificance. We shall therefore proceed to our foreign report, only stating, that the disturbances in the inland manufacturing districts have not yet subsided; and that, in the course of last month, three communications by flags of truce from France, have given rise to a variety of political speculations; but as their object, and the tenor of the answers of our government, have been kept a secret hitherto, we content ourselves with mentioning the fact as it stands.

SPANISH PENINSULA.

(Siege and Capture of Badajos).

After taking the outwork of La Picurina (26th March), as mentioned in our last report, and the subsequent completion of the second parallel, the bastions of La Trinidad and Santa Maria were battered in breach, from 26 pieces of ordnance. Their fire continued withent interruption from the 31st of March to the 5th of April; and on the 5th another battery was opened on the ravelin of St. Roque and the wall in its gorge. The breaches in the two bastions above-mentioned were deemed practicable on the 5th; but Lord Wellington having observed that the enemy had constructed interior and most formidable defences (such as might be expected from the consummate skill of French engineers), determined to delay the attack for another day, in order to beat down likewise part of the curtain between the two bastions, and thus prepare a chance for rushing into the rear of the enemy's defences. This breach accordingly being accomplished, and the fire of the two bastions overcome, on the 6th, in the evening, the assault on the place was fixed for the ensuing night.

In the outline-sketch of the execution of this arduous and desperate undertaking, we are at a loss whether more to admire the wisdom and genius displayed in the plan of attack, or the valorous intrepidity of the troops that executed it. Of neither have the annals of the British empire a parallel instance on record. The principal attack was

to be directed on the bastions of La Trinidad and Santa Maria—through those the place was to be gained—it failed. But Lord Wellington, aware of the possibility of a mischance, had traced out powerful auxiliary means to this plan.—1st. The castle of Badajos, uninjured as it was, was, nevertheless, to be taken by assault at the same time. This service was entrusted to Lieutenant-General Picton, the Achilles of our army, in conjunction with Major-General Kempt.—2d. The ravelin of St. Roque was to be carried by Major Wilson.—3d. Lieutenant-General Leith was to make a false attack on the outwork called Pardelleras.—And 4thly, push from thence Major-General Walker's brigade to another false attack (to be turned into a real one, if circumstances favoured it), on the body of the place, by the bastion of St. Vincent, near the Guadiana—and, 5thly, on the other side of the river, the Tête du pont, and forts Christoval and Moncœur, were to be assailed by Brigadier-General Power.

At ten at night the different columns simultaneously moved to the assault in the directions severally assigned to them. The respective results were as follows:

Major Wilson carried the ravelin of St. Roque, and established himself within it.

The fourth and light divisions, under Major-General Colville and Lieutenant-Col. Bernard, in their progress towards the bastions of La Trinidad and Santa Maria, were not perceived by the enemy till they had reached the covered way: they descended into the ditch, and were led to the breaches by their gallant commanders; but here the obstacles prepared by the enemy, and the combination of a variety of means of destruction, such as partial explosions, chevaux de frize, &c. retarded their ardour; till midnight did our valiant heroes combat such an accumulation of difficulties, with a prodigality of their lives unprecedented. Here it was that the soil was *inundated* with British blood, that the heaps of corpses nearly overtopped the hostile ramparts. For two hours did they defy the work of carnage. In vain! Here the enemy had concentrated his principal defence—Badajos was not to be taken by the breaches, and Lord Wellington discontinued the attack on that side.

In this resolution his lordship was confirmed by the information he had just received, of the castle having been gained by Generals Picton and Kempt. Although the latter officer was wounded in advancing towards the attack, his division, notwithstanding that untoward circumstance and the obstinate resistance of the enemy, scaled the unbroken walls, and established themselves at half past eleven.

The possession of the castle was a death-blow to the enemy's tenure of the fortress, which was rendered still more precarious by the success of General Walker. This gallant officer, supported by General Leith with the 38th regiment and the 15th Portuguese, forced the barrier on the road to Olivenca, entered the covered way on the left of the bastion of St. Vincent, close to the Guadiana, descended into the ditch, escaladed the entire face of the bastion, and thus (alone of all the commanders of the different attacks)

arrived in the body of the fortress. By the possession of the castle and the bastion of St. Vincent, Badajos was no longer tenable. General Philippon, therefore, retreated across the Guadiana to Fort Christoval, and at dawn of day surrendered himself and garrison, to the number of 4000, at discretion. Our loss in this desperate enterprize is enormous, if enormous can be called what we had to anticipate, and what, even if our commander had been certain of it, all circumstances would have justified him to incur.—It is as follows: *British*, 51 officers and 600 serjeants and rank and file killed; 212 officers and 2136 serjeants and rank and file wounded.—*Portuguese loss*, 8 officers, 147 serjeants and rank and file killed; 45 officers, 500 serjeants and rank and file wounded; and taking all our losses together from the beginning of the siege (March 18), Badajos has cost us 5000 men in killed and wounded, among whom there are nearly 400 officers.

From the south this operation suffered no disturbance: Soult, it is true, advanced rapidly from Cadiz and Seville. But, independently that Lord Wellington's force was of sufficient strength to have frustrated his design of relieving Badajos, a judicious diversion, which his lordship directed in the French marshal's rear, partly executed by Ballasteros, and partly by the Count de Penne Villamur, who insulted the very walls of Seville, forced Soult to return immediately to that city. His rear was overtaken by our horse under Sir Stapleton Cotton, and a brilliant cavalry affair ensued at Villa Gareia, 11th April, in which the enemy's cavalry was completely routed with great loss in killed, and about 150 prisoners, including one lieutenant-colonel, two captains, and one lieutenant.

We had in our last indulged a confident hope, that the capture of Badajos would lead to the raising of the siege of Cadiz, and perhaps even to the expulsion of the French from Andalusia. Our expectations, however perhaps justified, have proved too sanguine. A diversion of Marmont's in the north has, if not destroyed, yet for a time suspended those prospects. That general put himself in motion about the beginning of April, blockaded and in vain summoned Ciudad Rodrigo, insulted Almeida, where his detachment was repulsed with serious loss, then entered Portugal, spreading on one side as far as Celerico, and on the other even as far as Castello Branco. The part of Beira, thus overrun, suffered for a short time all the miseries which are the characteristics of modern French warfare. The poor inhabitants were not only plundered, but cruelly murdered by the barbarians. Lord Wellington, as may be supposed, immediately determined to hasten to their relief. Leaving Sir Rowland Hill to watch the south, he crossed the Tagus, with the principal part of his army on the 15th, and marched northward with his usual activity. Marmont did not wait his lordship's arrival, his object was already gained; he, therefore, retired, with Lord Wellington at his heels, not, however, without causing to the Portuguese militia, whose rear guard he came up with at Guarda, a loss of about 150 men. On the 23d, Marmont re-

crossed the Agueda, and retreated upon Tormes, his former station; and on the 29th his lordship's head-quarters were once more at Fuente Guinaldo, where they had been for so long a period. While Marmont was in Portugal, Gen. Abadia had marched with the Gallician army into Leon, and obtained some partial successes.

How far it might have been practicable to obviate this fatal diversion of Marmont's, by stationing from the superabundant force assembled in Estremadura, a corps of observation of about 1200 men, at Castello Branco, instead of entrusting the north to the insufficient protection of Baron Alten's hussars and Colonel Le Cor's brigade of militia, we are incompetent to decide; but the experience of this event, and of others that have taken place at different times for these two years past, incontestibly proves, that our force in the Peninsula is insufficient to lead to any speedy and decisive result. Many, very many, have been the instances where the want of 15,000 more men would have turned the scale with *éclât* in our favour; and without such addition, we apprehend, the bravery of our troops, directed by the genius of their commander, will, as it has done these two years, earn glory, but the country no real benefit—luxuriant blossoms producing no fruit. *It* will be a continual game at hide and seek from the Coa to the Guadiana, and from the Guadiana to the Coa. If ever these observations merited serious attention it is precisely at the present moment, when a northern war will necessarily paralyze Bonaparte's efforts in Spain. Now, now, or never for the 15,000! they are worth 50,000 sent a year hence. They will drive the French out of Madrid. They may give the cast in the whole scale of continental politics. Send them, if they are to be purchased with their weight in gold.

In surveying the rest of the Peninsula, the events that occurred within the last month, although of comparatively minor importance, are universally satisfactory. Ballasteros has once more surprised the French under the walls of Malaga (16th April), and completely defeated them, killing and wounding, according to unofficial accounts, 800, and taking nearly 400 men prisoners. It is even said, that his troops have entered Malaga. In the north-east of Spain we have to report a French attack on Roda, in Catalonia, which was defended by the brave Baron D'Erolis with such obstinacy and effect as to repel the enemy with the loss of 500 men. Sarsfield has made a fresh and very successful predatory excursion into France; and the chiefs Mina and Louga have had several actions with various French detachments, whom they completely defeated, and in one instance deprived of a valuable convoy on its way to France.

NORTH OF EUROPE.

The great crisis which is to decide the future relations between Russia and France is rapidly approaching. Bonaparte not having complied with the demands of Alexander to withdraw the French troops from Prussia, and the latter having refused to enforce any longer the continental system in his dominions, already deeply injured by the privation of maritime commerce, the question stands now completely at issue be-

tween these two mighty sovereigns, and is to be decided by the sword. Both have left their capitals, Alexander on the 21st April, and Napoleon on the 9th May, to hasten to the scene of action, which, in the first instance, is likely once more to be on the banks of the Niemen, the French having advanced as far as Koenigsberg, and the Russian head-quarters being at Wilna, where an army of 135,000 men is said to be already assembled. The force of Bonaparte is estimated at 80,000 French, and 70,000 German, Italian, and Polish auxiliaries. The first collision of such ponderous masses will be dreadful, and perhaps form a prominent feature in our next report.

The probable conduct of Sweden, with regard to this important contest, remains no longer involved in any great doubt. The states of that kingdom met at Orebro on the 20th April, and were addressed by the old king in a speech, the tenor of which, if not decidedly hostile to France, was certainly completely unfavourable to Bonaparte's views. The address of the Crown Prince likewise breathed similar sentiments. Mr. Thornton, our ambassador, attends the Crown Prince at Orebro, and is treated with great distinction, but the result of his negociations has not transpired. That Sweden, therefore, will make common cause with France, is out of all probability. She might, perhaps, remain neutral, but even this we are warranted in doubting, from the circumstance of the Swedish cruizers in the Baltic having recently made prizes of several French ships.

AMERICA.

A message, sent on the 9th March by Mr. Maddison to the Congress of the United States, has created some sensation both in England and in America. It appears from that message, and the documents transmitted in support thereof, that, in the beginning of 1809, at a time when an immediate rupture with America and an attack on Canada was expected, a person of the name of Henry had been sent by the late Sir James Craig, then commander-in-chief in Canada, to sound the disposition of the people of the eastern provinces of the Union, with a view to ascertain the practicability of detaching those states from the Union, and inducing them to place themselves under British protection, in the event of the expected war actually taking place. The mission of this Captain Henry was not attended with any decisive result; he was recalled, and not meeting, either from Sir James Craig or the government at home, with the reward he thought himself entitled to, he resorted to a resolution congenial to the profession of a spy, and paid himself by selling the secret of his former mission to the government of the United States, who, for purposes best known to themselves, instead of requiring explanation from our cabinet, gave to the tale all the pompous publicity in their power, taking care to get Henry out of the way previously. The fact of Henry's mission has not been denied by our administration, but they solemnly declared it to have been a step taken by Sir James Craig without any authority. Since the publication of Henry's case, Congress have

had several secret sittings, in one of which they passed, with a small majority, an act, dated 4th April, for laying an embargo for 90 days on all the vessels of that country, except such as the President may specially permit to depart in ballast. This act being general, it cannot be construed as more hostile to England than to France, and we apprehend the fatality of its effects will be most felt in America itself. It is further stated, that three commissioners are to be sent to this country to demand an explanation of Henry's affair, and to endeavour to give a fixed bent to the future relations between the two countries.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

On the 22d February his Majesty's ship Victorious, of 74 guns and 560 men, Captain Talbot, in company with the Weazle sloop, while on the look out in the Gulf of Trieste, descried a hostile squadron on their way to Pola, consisting, as it afterwards appeared, of the Rivoli of 80 guns and 862 men, Le Mercure 18 guns and 143 men, Le Jean 18 guns, and Le Mameluc 10 guns, the whole commanded by Commodore Barre. A most desperate conflict ensued, in which Le Mercure, after a short engagement with the Weazle, blew up, and three only of her men were saved. About the same time the Victorious brought the Rivoli to action, which continued four hours, when the latter, having 400 men killed and wounded, struck her flag to the Victorious, whose loss, although severe likewise, was not to be compared with that of the enemy. The other ships, favoured by night, made good their escape to Venice.

Another action, equally sanguinary to our opponents, but of a very peculiar nature, took place, towards the latter end of Jan. in the West Indian seas. The crew of the Amethyst, a frigate belonging to Christophe, having mutinied and seized the vessel, took her to one of the southern ports of St. Domingo, in the possession of a French party, where a Frenchman took the command of her. Information having been given at the same time that a sloop of war and brig, belonging to Christophe, were also at sea, the Amethyst was fresh manned by Frenchmen and others, and proceeded in quest of them; but instead of meeting with what they sought for, they had the ill luck to fall in with the Southampton British frigate, Capt. Yeo. A desperate action ensued, in which 2 men on our side were killed and 11 wounded, while the Amethyst had 110 killed, including the captain, and 140 wounded, including two of the officers. After this severe loss, and being rendered a complete wreck, the Amethyst struck, and it was as much as Capt. Yeo could do to take her to the nearest port, Port au Prince, into which she was carried by permission of Petion, who afforded Capt. Yeo every accommodation. From Port au Prince the Amethyst was afterwards brought to Jamaica. It remains to be seen whether Christophe will claim this vessel as his property.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 39. — PROMENADE OR WALKING DRESS.

A ROUND robe of jaconot or fine cambric muslin, with long sleeve and high waist, with fan ruff of lace, ornamented up the front with borders of needle-work or lace, and finished at the feet with ball fringe. A Spanish hussar cloak of deep amber sarsnet, lined with sea green or white, and trimmed with broad thread lace, put on very full. Hair disposed in bands and waved curls; a large square veil of white lace, thrown over the head and shading the face. Half-boots amber-coloured kid, and gloves a pale primrose. Small French caps of lace, ornamented with a small cluster of spring flowers, on one side, are often seen in this style of costume, and have an appropriate and pretty effect beneath the long veil.

PLATE 40.—MORNING OR DOMESTIC COSTUME.

A plain muslin or cambric round robe, trimmed round the throat with net lace, or rolls of muslin. A loose Circassian pelisse of cerulean blue sarsnet, with low curved bosom; epaulet and cuffs of antique lace, and the skirt trimmed entirely round with a fancy floss fringe or gimp, and confined at the bottom of the waist with a ribbon, tied with short bows and ends in front. A foundling mob cap, composed of lace, and ribbon the colour of the pelisse. A small sprig of geranium placed in the hair on the left side. Spanish slippers of cerulean blue kid, and gloves of a lemon colour or pale tan. *Prevailing colours* are, primrose, lilac, or blossom colour, and pale pink.

MEDICAL REPORT.

An account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of April to the 15th of May, 1812.

Acute Diseases.—Catarrh, 8.... Scarlet fever and sore-throat, 4.... Erysipelas, 1....Small-pox, 1..... Hooping cough, 2...Acute diseases of infants, 6.

Chronic Diseases....Cough and dyspnœa, 24....Hœmoptoe, 3.... Pleurodyne, 2....Chronic rheumatism, 7....Lumbago, 2....Headach and vertigo, 5...Asthenia, 6...Epilepsy, 1...Marasmus, 2...Dyspepsia, 3....Dropsy, 3....Jaundice, 1 ....Colic, 2....Dysentery, 1...Enterodynia, 2....Tape-worms, 2.... Cutaneous affections, 6....Female complaints, 4.

The weather at the latter end of April and beginning of May, was unusually cold, easterly winds chiefly prevailing, and few fine days occurring at a period when we naturally anticipate the grateful warmth and refreshing influence of spring. Yet, upon the whole, the season has not been unhealthy, though the winter complaints retire reluctantly, and fresh cases of cough and catarrh are still occurring. This indeed is not surprising, for evening parties in crowded rooms are quite sufficient to produce catarrh, with

out the assistance of an easterly wind. The complaint is generally supposed to be occasioned by exposure to cold, but it much more frequently attacks a person who passes from a cold into a hot medium.

The beneficial effects of fox-glove (digitalis) have frequently been stated in these reports, and daily experience enables me to urge its efficacy in many pulmonic and dropsical affections; but as its powers are great, so no remedy requires more caution in its administration. It may be pushed to a degree far beyond what is generally deemed safe by those who never act upon their own judgment; and it often fails from not being given in sufficient doses. A lady of delicate habit, and reduced by disease to a very emaciated state, incapable of taking any sustenance, except some slight beverage, was lately placed under my care. She laboured with distressing dyspnœa, harassing cough, great oppression in the chest, and the most irregular and intermitting pulse I ever met with. The difficulty of breathing was so urgent, that she was obliged to be supported in a sitting posture, and her sleep was short and disturbed, with frequent startings and unpleasant dreams. She had been in this condition several days, and her friends despaired of her recovery. I certainly did not expect it. She was put upon the digitalis, with ammoniacum and squills, and, from the probability that there was effusion in the chest, small doses of calomel were also given, with the view of promoting absorption. The first few days no alteration took place, and no greater reason for hope appeared; but having pursued the treatment for a week, she evidently began to mend, and is now, though very feeble, convalescent.

PLATE 38.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

THE French sofa and drawing-room chair represented in the annexed engraving, are two articles well adapted for large mansions and castles, forming solid, comfortable, and handsome seats. The elevated backs of the sofa and chair, also, render them peculiarly pleasant and easy; the frames of both are of handsome mahogany, seats French stuffed, covered with silk, and handsomely ornamented with tassels, cord, &c.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE favourable weather through the whole of the last month has brought forward a profusion of vegetation, which indicates a very fruitful season. The wheat plant is getting into spindle, with a dark green flag full set upon the ground. The tillowing has been most prolific upon those soils where the seed was sparingly sown, or where the plants had been thinned from casual incidents. The spring wheats, with the late sown lammas, have made great progress in the last month, and have the most promising appearance.

The timely showers that have fallen have brought up kindly the late sown barleys; the early sown are finely on the curl, and have the most promising appearance for a full crop.

The latter sown oats have not yet made that progress from which a large crop may be indicated.

Beans, peas, and the whole of the leguminous tribe, have the usual appearance for the season. They have thrown up a strong plant, and have not suffered much from frost.

Rye, tares, clover, &c. &c. have made a strong growth in the course of last month, and are a full productive crop, yielding abundance of succulent food for soiling.

The turnip fallows are curtailed in breadth in consequence of the high price of corn, which has induced the farmer to plant a crop extraordinary.

ALLEGORICAL WOOD-CUT, WITH PATTERNS OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

No. 1. An entirely new printed cambric, of the mosaic pattern, calculated for morning and domestic wear. There needs little observation as to the construction of dresses composed of this article, since they are formed very plain, and admit of scarcely any decoration or embellishment, beyond a frill and cuffs of lace or needle-work.

No. 2 is a curious article, recently introduced, entitled the Chinese crape. This may also be classed amongst the intermediate order, but will admit of a greater variety of ornaments and trimmings than many other articles in that line: thread lace, however, or satin, the colour of the article, may be considered most appropriate. It is sold by most of the principal linen-drapers in the metropolis.

No. 3. A new lilac spotted sarsnet, for evening or full dress. This article admits of divers constructions: sometimes it is formed into Grecian robes—sometimes into the Spanish vest and tunic—and at others, into simple round robes.—White silk fringe, floss trimmings, thread lace, and white beads, are becoming decorations for dresses of this delicate article. It is sold by Messrs. George and Co. silk-mercers, Holywell-street, Strand.

No. 4 is a specimen of the new embossed fancy paper, coloured in oil, over a silver ground, in every shade and colour, and is recommended for the backs of books, for hand and pole screens, covering and lining boxes, card-racks, &c. &c. This article, as well as every other material in the extensive list of ladies' fancy work, is sold at R. Ackermann's Repository of Arts, 101, Strand.

DESCRIPTION OF PATTERNS FOR NEEDLE-WORK.

The two broadest patterns may either be worked in tambour or satin stitch, with white or coloured silk or worsted. They are adapted for the borders of wraps, or for round robes, &c. &c. The narrow border is particularly appropriate for letting into the bosom and sleeves of dresses; and is sometimes placed on each side of a footing-lace, where it gives a very rich and pleasing effect. This pattern is best wrought in satin stitch.

The Repository

Of Arts, Literature, Commerce, Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics.

MANUFACTURERS, Factors, and Dealers in Fancy Goods, that come within the scope of this Plan, are requested to send Patterns of such new Articles, as they come out; and if the requisites of Novelty, Fashion, and Elegance, are united, the quantity necessary for this Magazine will be ordered.

R. Ackermann, 101, Strand, London.

LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from May 4 to 9.

TOTAL, 8,968 quarters.—Average, 129s. 8¾d. per quarter, or 1s. 1½d. per quarter higher than last return.

Return of Flour from May 9 to 15.

TOTAL, 10,114 sacks.—Average, 109s. 5¼d. per sack, or 6s. 3¼d. per sack higher than last return.

Average of England and Wales, May 16.

	s	d		s	d		s	d
Wheat	133	7	Barley	76	1	Beans	70	1
Rye	81	7	Oats	47	5	Pease	72	1

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s.	s.	s.
Wheat white, per quarter	90	100	138
——red	86	96	124
——foreign	86	96	146
Rye	70	78	84
Barley, English	60	64	68
Malt	74	88	100
Oats Feed	45	48	50
——Friezland	—	—	—
——Poland	48	54	57
——Potatoe	52	55	59
Beans, Pigeon	68	70	74
——Horse	—	—	—
Pease, Boiling	66	76	90
——Grey	60	66	76
Flour per sack	100	—	—
——Seconds	90	100	—
——Scotch	85	96	—

	s.	s.	s.
Tares, per bushel	11	13	14
Turnip	23	26	28
Mustard, brown	16	20	22
——white	13	16	18
Canary, per qr.	106	115	120
Hempseed	50	54	58
Linseed	75	95	115
Clover, red, per cwt.	50	84	95
——white	75	105	115
——foreign, red	52	86	96
——white	84	108	120
Trefoil	20	30	42
Carraway	76	82	86
Coriander	40	42	44

American Flour —s a —s per barrel of 196lbs.

Rapeseed, per last - - - - £74 a £76 a £

Oil Cakes, per thousand £17. 17s. to £—. —s. per 1,000 cakes of 3lb. each.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

	s		s
Muscovade, fine	80	a	84
—— good	72	a	79
—— ordinary	67	a	71
East India, white	80	a	96
—— yellow	65	a	79
—— brown	65	a	79

MOLASSES 42s. 6d. a —s. —

REFINED SUGAR.

	s		s
Double Loaves	126	a	140
Hambro' ditto	99	a	109
Powder ditto	99	a	109
Single ditto	98	a	104
Canary Lumps	97	a	104
Large ditto	94	a	96
Bastards, whole	69	a	73
—— faces	75	a	80
—— middles	72	a	74
—— tips	68	a	70

GINGER.

	s		s
Jamaica, white	82	a	200
Barbadoes, ditto	75	a	80
—— black	70	a	75

RICE, *Bonded.*

	s		s
Carolina	24	a	26
Brazil	26	a	28

COFFEE, *Bonded.*

	s	d		s	d
Dominica, Surinam, &c.					
Fine	75	0	a	85	0
Good	70	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	67	0	a	69	0
Triage	30	0	a	50	0
Jamaica.					
Fine	75	0	a	85	0
Good	60	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	40	0	a	59	0
Triage	20	0	a	39	0
Mocha	300	0	a	600	0
Bourbon	90	0	a	120	0
St. Domingo	60	0	a	70	0
Java	90	0	a	100	0
COCOA, *Bonded.*					
Trinidad and Carraccas	90	0	a	100	0
Plantation	65	0	a	80	0
SPICES and PEPPER, per lb.					
Nutmegs	18	0	a	24	0
Cloves	10	0	a	10	6
Cinnamon	10	6	a	11	6
Mace	36	0	a	42	0
Pepp. white	5	3	a	—	0
—— black	2	5	a	2	6
Pimento	2	0	a	—	0

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 43s. 9¾d.

We have less doing in raw sugars this month, but the prices are supported: good and fine qualities are very scarce. The refined market, though not brisk, is rather mended in price.

HOPS in the Borough.

BAGS	£	s		£	s
Kent	4	15	a	6	6
Sussex	4	5	a	5	12
Essex	0	0	a	0	0

POCKETS	£	s		£	s
Kent	5	5	a	7	12
Sussex	4	15	a	6	0
Farnham	5	0	a	8	0

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

May.		Wheat. s		Wheat. s	Barley. s		Barley. s	Oats. s		Oats. s	Beans. s		Beans. s	Pease s		Pease s
Maidstone	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Lincoln	15	112	a	134	76	a	84	42	a	54	56	a	70	—	a	—
Canterbury	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Lewes	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Chesterfield	15	104	a	128	70	a	80	40	a	65	—	a	—	64	a	74
Ashborne	16	120	a	140	—	a	—	46	a	56	64	a	72	—	a	—
Lynn	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Gainsboro'	19	116	a	128	54	a	64	32	a	37	50	a	59	—	a	—
Louth	20	120	a	130	70	a	80	50	a	52	70	a	75	—	a	—
Sandwich	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Newark	20	120	a	136	74	a	80	54	a	60	78	a	80	—	a	—
Uppingham	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Newbury	21	108	a	152	66	a	76	52	a	62	75	a	85	72	a	82
Devizes	21	121	a	146	66	a	98	54	a	62	84	a	98	—	a	—
Reading	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Swansea	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Henley	21	112	a	150	60	a	70	49	a	59	68	a	82	72	a	8
Maidenhead	20	100	a	148	69	a	73	50	a	60	78	a	88	78	a	—
Salisbury	19	124	a	138	60	a	74	46	a	58	76	a	90	—	a	—
Penrith	19	120	a	—	65	a	—	55	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Hull	19	115	a	130	70	a	73	46	a	54	70	a	75	—	a	—
Basingstoke	20	124	a	152	63	a	70	52	a	57	75	a	84	—	a	—
Wakefield	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Andover	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Warminster	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

	s	d		s	d
Brandy, Cog.	8	9	a	9	6
—— Spanish	5	0	a	5	2
Hollands Gin	8	0	a	8	6
Rum, Jamaica	4	6	a	6	9
—— Lew. Isl.	3	8	a	4	6

	s	d		s	d
Mol. Spirits, British	13	10	a	14	0
—— Irish	0	0	a	0	0
—— Scotch	0	0	a	0	0
Spirits of Wine	24	0	a	0	0

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR APRIL, 1812.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, *Esq.*

1812. APRIL	*Wind.*	*Pressure.* *Max.*	*Min.*	*Mean.*	*Temperature.* *Max.*	*Min.*	*Mean.*	*Weather.*	*Evap.*	*Rain*
1	S W 1	29,60	29,40	29,500	48,0°	35,0°	41,50°	cloudy	—	
2	S 2	29,40	29,20	29,300	55,0	42,0	48,50	cloudy	—	
3	S E 3	29,44	29,20	29,320	53,0	38,0	45,50	cloudy	—	
☽ 4	S W 2	30,00	29,44	29,720	51,0	37,0	44,00	fine	—	
5	S 1	30,25	30,00	30,125	55,0	33,0	44,00	brilliant	—	
6	S 1	30,25	30,12	30,185	54,5	37,0	45,75	cloudy	—	
7	Var. 2	30,12	29,85	29,980	49,5	42,0	45,75	cloudy	—	
8	S E 2	30,25	29,85	30,050	47,0	38,0	42,50	cloudy	—	
9	N E 2	30,30	30,18	30,240	46,5	35,0	40,75	fine	—	
10	N E 2	30,18	30,60	30,090	46,0	30,0	38,00	fine	—	
● 11	N E 2	30,00	29,80	29 900	50,0	36,0	43,00	fine	—	
12	N E 2	30,05	29,80	29,925	52,0	32,0	42,00	fine	—	
13	N E 2	30,20	30,05	30,125	51,0	33,0	42,00	fine	—	
14	N E 2	30,35	29,90	30 125	52,0	30,0	41,00	fine	—	
15	S W 1	29,90	29,65	29,775	53,5	33,0	43,25	brilliant	—	.250
16	Var. 2	29,82	29,65	29,735	43,0	30,0	36,50	variable	—	
17	S E 2	30,10	29,82	29,960	47,0	26,0	36,50	fine	—	
☾ 18	N E 3	30,20	30,10	30,150	50,0	28,0	39,00	fine	—	
19	N E 2	30,20	30,10	30,150	51,0	29,0	40,00	fine	—	
20	N 3	30,20	30,10	30,150	52,0	30,0	41,00	fine	—	
21	N 2	30,30	30,20	30,250	51,0	33,0	42,00	fine	—	
22	N 2	30,20	30,07	30,135	53,0	39,0	46,00	fine	—	
23	N 1	30,16	30,07	30,115	51,0	34,0	42,50	fine	—	
24	N 1	30,16	29,92	30,040	51,0	33,0	42,00	fine	—	
25	Var. 2	29,92	29,65	29,785	53,0	37,0	45,00	variable	—	—
○ 26	N E 2	29,45	29,25	29,350	54,0	33,0	43,50	fine	—	.460
27	N E 2	29,70	29,45	29,575	52,5	34,0	43,25	cloudy	—	
28	E 4	29,90	29,70	29,800	53,0	36,0	44,50	cloudy	—	
29	E 2	29,95	29,90	29,925	49,0	41,0	45,00	cloudy	—	
30	E 2	30,00	29,90	29,950	47,0	41,0	44,00	rainy	*	.250
			Mean	29,914		*Mean*	42,60		*Inches*	.960

* The observations on the evaporation were interrupted this month.

RESULTS.

Mean barometrical pressure, 29.914—maximum, 30.35, wind N E. 2—minimum, 29°20. wind S. 2—Range 1.15 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is 55 of an inch, which was on the 26th.

Mean temperature, 42°60.—maximum, 55° wind S. 1--Minimum 26° wind S E 1--Range 29.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 22°, which occurred frequently.

Spaces described by the barometer, 6.8 inches—Number of changes, 16.

Rain, &c. this month, .960 inch.—number of wet days, 3 —Total rain this year, 14.140 in.

WIND.

N	N E	E	S E	S	S W	W	N W	Variable.	Calm.
5	10	3	3	3	3	0	0	3	0

Brisk winds 3—Boisterous ones 1.

The characteristic circumstances of this period have been decidedly cold and dry, occasioned from the prevalency of the north and north-east winds; and had not the progress of vegetation (which had been prematurely stimulated by the congenial temperature and moist atmosphere of February) received a seasonable check in the preceding month, much damage would have been done in the present. In the reporter's former monthly accounts of the weather, he has mentioned this part of the year as being particularly remarkable for great variations of temperature, in the space of twenty-four hours—these are very notable in the present. On the 5th, the maximum temperature of the month occurred, and the thermometer had indicated the preceding night 22° minus; again, the monthly minimum temperature was on the 17th, but in the course of the day was augmented 21°. On nineteen days of the month, the diurnal extremes ranged from 15 to 22°. The brilliancy of the days, and the north and north-east winds during the nights, are the principal causes in producing these great variations. On the 7th and 8th, being cloudy, with an unsettled state of the wind, the diurnal extremes of the temperature approximated pretty nearly; the same occurred on the 29th and 30th. The monthly mean temperature is only half a degree higher than that of February, but is 6° colder than April 1811. The atmospherical pressure has shewn no variations worthy of notice. On the 16th there were several showers of snow towards the evening; on the 26th, rain in the night, and during the day several hail showers. The fall of rain has not measured one inch in depth, nearly the whole of which fell since the 20th.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE FOR APRIL, 1812.

Conducted by Mr. J. Gibson, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1812 APR.	Wind.	Pressure. Max.	Pressure. Min.	Pressure. Mean.	Temperature. Max.	Temperature. Min.	Temperature. Mean.	Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
1	Var.	29,73	29,70	29,715	58°	41°	49,5°	cloudy	—	—
2	S	29,70	29,58	29,640	—	—	—	cloudy	—	—
3	Var.	29,68	29,58	29,630	55	43	49,0	cloudy	—	—
☽ 4	N W	30,14	29,68	29,910	53	36	44,5	fair	—	.25
5	S	30,17	30,14	30,155	56	35	45,5	cloudy	—	—
6	S E	30,17	30,00	30,085	53	42	47,5	fair	.32	—
7	S E	30,08	29,97	30,025	54	38	46,0	cloudy	—	.13
8	E	30,17	30,08	30,125	48	27	37,5	fine	—	
9	N E	30,16	30,06	30,110	42	34	38,0	fine	—	
10	E	30,06	30,00	30,030	47	37	42,0	fine	—	
● 11	N E	30,00	29,96	29,980	45	39	42,0	cloudy	.29	
12	E	30,08	29,99	30,035	53	32	42,5	fine	—	
13	N E	30,09	30,08	30,085	52	35	43,5	fine	—	
14	E	30,08	29,90	29,990	53	34	43,5	fine	—	
15	E	29,90	29,78	29,840	58	32	45,0	fine	—	
16	N E	29,88	29,76	29,820	50	28	39,0	cloudy	—	—
17	N W	30,05	29,88	29,965	47	28	37,5	clouds	—	
☾ 18	N	30,10	30,05	30,075	49	28	38,5	fine	.57	
19	N	30,10	30,06	30,080	51	36	43,5	fine	—	
20	N W	30,27	30,06	30,165	54	32	43,0	clouds	—	
21	N W	30,27	30,09	30,180	53	40	46,5	cloudy	—	
22	N W	30,09	30,06	30,075	52	31	41,5	fine	—	
23	N W	30,07	30,05	30,060	49	34	41,5	fine	—	
24	Var.	30,05	29,93	29,990	49	37	43,0	cloudy	—	—
25	S W	29,93	29,70	29,815	58	41	49,5	showers	.66	.62
○ 26	Var.	29,75	29,70	29,725	51	31	41,0	rainy	—	—
27	E	29,70	29,70	29,700	53	44	48,5	showers	—	—
28	E	29,85	29,70	29,775	53	45	49,0	rainy	—	—
29	N E	29,86	29,85	29,855	56	44	50,0	cloudy	—	—
30	E	30,04	29,86	29,950	56	45	50,5	rain	.18	.67
			Mean	30,985		Mean	44,0	Total	2,02 in.	1,47 in.

RESULTS. Prevailing winds, easterly.—Mean height of barometer, 30,985 inches—thermometer, 44,0°.—Total of evaporation 2,02 inches.—Rain 1,47 inch—total in another guage 1,33 inch.

Notes.—5th. Some hail in the evening.—10th. Hoar frost.—16th. Day much clouded—a few drops of rain in the afternoon.—17th. A very bleak wind in the evening.—20th and 23d. A lunar halo at night.—24th. A storm to the westward in the afternoon—some hail and some snow fell between two and three o'clock P.M. wind nearly calm—(a heavy storm of hail, snow, and wind in London at the same time)—some rain in the evening.—25th. Rainy night.—26th. Mild, rainy day.—27th. Misty morning—much dew.—29th. Rainy night.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for May, 1812.

Albion Fire and Life Assurance £50 a 51 p. sh.
County . . . . . 10 do.
Eagle . . . . 4 5 do.
Globe Ditto . . . 112 do.
Imperial . . . . 14 pm.
Hope . . . . 2 15 p. sh.
Kent . . . . 50 do.
Royal Exchange . . 291 do.
Beeralstone Lead & Silver Mines 65 a 70 pm.
London Docks, Scrip . 13½ a 14 do.
West India do. . . 153½ pr. sh.
East Country do. . . 63½ a 64 do
Birmingham Canal . 590 p sh.
Grand Junction Ditto . 230 do.
Grand Surry Ditto £131 a 135½ do.

Grand Union Canal £21 10 a 22 dis.
Grand Western Ditto . . 25 do.
Leeds and Liverpool Do. £204 a 206 pr sh.
Rochdale Ditto . . . 39 do.
Wilts and Berks Ditto . 18 p. sh.
Kent Waterworks . . £66 a 69 do.
West Middlesex Ditto £55 a 55 10 do.
Golden-lane New Brewery £50 shares 20 a 21
Commercial Road Ditto . £125 p. sh.
Auction Mart Ditto £34 a 35 do.
London Institution . 25 gs. dis.
Surry Ditto . . . £16 10 do.
Russell Ditto . . . 7 gs. do.
Covent-Garden Theatre £500 shares 425

WOLFE & Co. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill, & FORTUNE & Co. 13, Cornhill.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 pr.ct. Red.	4 pr.ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr.ct.	Long Ann.	Omnium	Impl.3 pr.ct.	Impl. Anns.	Irish 5 pr. ct	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Anns.	India Stock	India Bonds.	Exchqr Bills.	St. Lotty. Tickets.	Cons. for Ac. Ma. 27
Apl. 21	227½	61 a 60⅝	60⅛	74⅞	91½	15 9/16	—	—	—	—	—	59¾	178½	2 *Pm.*	1 *Pm.*	£21.18s.	61¼
22	—	60¾ a ⅜	59¾	74½	91	15½	3⅝ *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	—	177½	3 *Pm.*	1 *Pm.*	Do.	60¾
23	—	60⅜ a ⅛	59½	74⅛	90⅞	15 7/16	—	—	—	—	—	—	177½	2 *Pm.*	1 *Pm.*		60½
24	226	60¼ a ½	59⅝	74¼	91	15½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 *Pm.*	2 *Pm.*		69⅝
25	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—
27	225¼	60⅜ a ¾	59¾	74⅜	91¼	15½	—	—	—	—	—	—	176½	1 *Pm.*	*Par*		60⅞
28	226½	60⅝ a 1¼	60¼	74⅝	91⅝	15 9/16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 *Pm.*	*Par*		61⅜
29	227	61⅛ a 60⅞	60⅛	74½	91½	15 9/16	—	58½	—	—	—	—	176½	3 *Pm.*	1 *Pm.*		61⅛
30	229	61 a 62⅜	61½	75⅜	92⅜	15¾	—	—	—	—	—	—	176½	4 *Pm.*	3 *Pm.*		62½
May 1	—	62 a 61½	61	75	91¾	15⅝	—	—	—	—	—	—	176½	3 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		62
2	230	62⅛ a 1⅞	61⅛	75¼	92	15¾	—	59	—	—	—	—	—	3 *Pm.*	1 *Pm.*		62¼
4	—	62¼ a 1⅝	61⅜	75⅜	92⅛	15¾	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	6 *Pm.*	1 *Pm.*		62⅜
5	230½	62 a 1⅜	61	75¼	92⅛	15 11/16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 *Pm.*	7 *Pm.*		62⅜
6	229¾	61½ a ¼	60⅝	75	91⅞	15⅜	—	58⅝	5⅛	—	65¾	—	—	3 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		62
7	—	61¼ a ⅜	60½	75	91¾	15½	—	58¼	5⅛	—	—	—	—	3 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		61⅝
8	228	61⅜ a 60¾	60½	74⅞	91¾	15½	—	58⅛	—	—	—	60	173	3 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		61½
9	—	60⅞ a ⅝	59⅞	74½	91½	15⅜	—	57⅞	—	88¼	—	—	—	2 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		61½
11	227	60¾ a ¼	59¾	74¼	91⅜	15 5/16	3¾ *Dis.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		61
12	227	60½ a 61½	60⅝	75	92	15 7/16	—	58⅛	—	—	—	—	173	1 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		60⅞
13	—	61 a ⅜	60½	74⅞	91⅞	15 7/16	—	58	—	—	—	60⅜	—	1 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		61⅝
14	225	60⅞ a ⅛	60¼	74¾	91¾	15 7/16	—	58	—	88⅛	65⅜	—	—	1 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		61⅜
15	225	60⅞ a ⅛	60¼	74⅞	92	15 7/16	—	—	—	—	—	60⅛	—	1 *Pm.*	6 *Pm*		61⅛
16	—	60 a 60⅞	60¼	74⅞	91⅞	15 7/16	—	58	—	88¼	—	—	—	1 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		61
18	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—				—
19	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—				—
20	—	61	60¼	74⅞	92	15 7/16	—	58	—	—	—	—	—	1 *Pm.*	5 *Pm*		61

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